

Stompin' Tom Connors Found Alive!



Skinny Puppy: Gory Details!



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No. 29

Oct. '86

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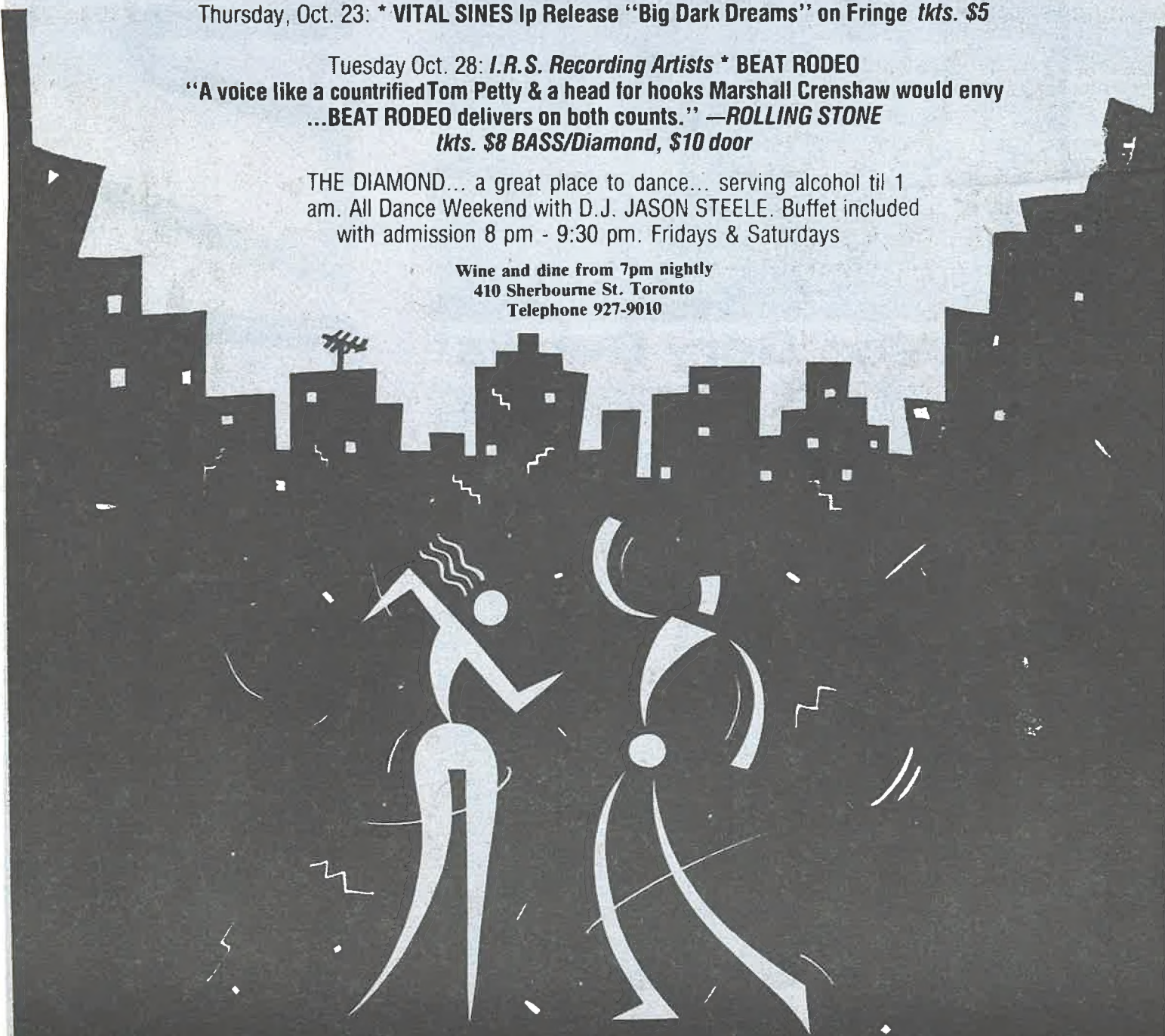
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Subscriptions to NERVE!, in or out of Toronto, are available for \$8 (six months), \$16 (year). Back issues (and back-to-front issues) are available for a buck each. Subscription payments by cash, postal order or certified cheque only. We distribute 20,000 free copies throughout Metro Toronto and other major cities in Canada. We will print listings for out-of-town clubs featuring alternative music.

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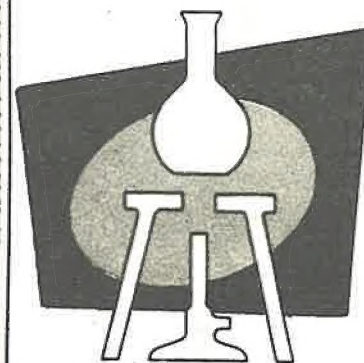
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The short and long of it

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Nerve Publishing
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Medic Aid



Meet Clive 'Doctor' Jackson, probably the only person named Clive in recent memory to get to the top of the U.K. singles chart.

"No, there was Clive Dunn, but you've not heard of him, have you?"

Yeah: 'Grandad, Grandad...'

"Oh, you know the kind of records I like! The b-side of Grandad, called 'I Play The Spoons' is in my Top 10 tack records. 'Whenever life gets on top of me/I play the cutlery.' That's semi-genius, right?"

Right. I guess.

Doctor & The Medics understand 'tack' alright. Take a look at the rubbishy magnificence of the cover of their first IRS album *Laughing At The Pieces*, and amuse your friends playing Spot The Influence with the tracks therein, starting at the wet portion of 1969.

Although the album approaches the trash quotient suggested by their version of Norman Greenbaum's 'Spirit In The Sky' and songs with titles as severely dubious as 'Watermelon Runaway' and 'Smallness of the Mustard Pot,' in most cases the titles are more exotic the music.

But *Laughing* is vindicated by a pleasant quirkiness that recalls that amazing cult crossover band, XTC, and their knack for 'tack.' In fact, one track on the album was produced by Andy Partridge, leader of that "most underestimated groups of all time."

What's this? Art Pop bleeding over into a Psychedelic Punk band?



"We've been called New Age Hippies, and I blame lazy journalism. All we can be is the Medics, and we don't worry about it. People associate us with drugs—it's not that way at all! We're ourselves, unfortunately. Anyway, I think rock 'n roll is a really healthy pursuit. I'm looking forward to being onstage when I'm 70."

I look forward to being there! In the mean time, I imagine the current Medics live show to be a circus of excess.

"Yeah, that's a good way of describing it. Put that in as my quote: 'It's a circus of excess, with every rock 'n roll cliché you ever thought of.' But there is something there which is the Medics, and nothing else."

"Chart bands in England for the last few years have been good, clean-cut healthy looking boys, and now the bands look just like the record company people. There needs to be something to balance that. Like, I was brought up on Mott The Hoople..."

What about Slade?

"Slade! Brilliant band! Fantastic!"

I thought so.

"This is what I want from rock 'n roll. If you're going to be honest, you have to form the kind of band that you yourself would like to see, and jump up and down and get drunk. We're not hype!"

"I'm sure people think some manager's got this lot together, and said 'you get a funny haircut, you do this, you do that,' but we've just evolved into this. We've never made claims about what we were going to do. That's why we're desperate to come out here and play, so people could see the truth."

Find eternal Truth through Medication at RPM Oct. 14th.

Dave Rave

FARM UPDATE

Vital Sines just signed a deal with Fringe Records to release their mini-album *Big Dark Dreams* (track listing: 'Big Dark Dreams,' 'Fear of the Cold,' 'New Heroes,' 'Break The Chains,' 'Sorry,' 'Climbing the Air'). Does this mean that Vital Sines are going to be required to attend the same parties as Slaughter and The Dayglo Abortions? Can we anticipate a speed metal meltdown of ridiculously excessive dimensions at their release party at the Diamond, Oct. 23? Seriously, if Fringe really wants pop music on the label, they'd do well to exploit the Bacharachian potential of Sines guitarist Kurt Swinghammer.



Vital Sines (Kurt, Rick, Terry, Glen)
—Mark Mainguy

We jumped the gun royally last month in charting the demise of some local bands.

The Garbagemen are still a heap to be reckoned with after drummer Glenn Milchem left the band in August. Leader Howie Zephyr has recruited local drum legend Ben

Cleveland Hayes to fill Milchem's spot in the three piece sleaze-funk band. Make that FOUR: look for keyboard sensation Bob Weisman's brother Ron on ivory next time the G-men play the Cameron House during their regular Wednesday night gigs.

L'Etranger are still going strong after the loss of bassist Tim Vesely and keyboardist Bruce PM, with singer Andy Cash making it clear that L'Etranger is his band, and he's not going to give it up that easily after five years of regular gigs. The new Andy Cash Band (Ministry Of Love bassist Chris Stanford, High

Noon guitarist Graydon Nichols, L'Etranger drummer Pete Duffin, Cash, and possibly ex-Direktive 17 singer Andy Maize on backing vocals and tambourine) are committed to an extensive series of cross-country dates lined up for the Fall, where the semi-legendary Toronto band has been eagerly awaited for years.

Breeding Ground, however, would appear to be on their last legs as singer John Shireff and guitarist Hugh Gladish are seeking careers in snowmobile maintenance and/or 'solo' pop stardom. Shireff will

record more with producer Chris Wardman (their version of David Essex's 'classic' angst anthem 'Rock On' has yet to be heard by the proles), possibly to be joined by Gladish.

Congrats. to Craig Morrison and the Lees on the first anniversary of Lee's Palace (529 Bloor St.), Toronto's coolest live music venue so far this decade.

Speaking of cool bars, the upcoming issue of the U.S. *Newsweek* cites The Brunswick House on Bloor Street as one of only two North

American bars in their Top Ten Drinking Establishments list. See why, when southern-style gospel soul man Otis Clay brings his Chicago Fire Band upstairs at the Albert's Hall Oct 20-25, followed by a rare appearance by Richard Berry—the man who INVENTED 'Louie Louie'—Nov. 3-8.

Independent releases of note this month include a long awaited Sheep Look Up 4-song EP on their own SLUR label—the first release for the excellent London, Ontario band...a second volume of trashy hits on Deja Voodoo's OG label, yes, it's *It Came From Canada V. 2*, featuring locals Dundrells, Chris Houston (opening for Jazz Butcher on UK tour) and Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet among the regular trashters...it also came from Montreal: new discs from Ray Condo & His Hardrock Goners and The Gruesomes, both featured on the *It Came From Canada 2* disc, and the debut album from the highly rated Disappointed A Few People...Local band National Velvet have been 'maintaining a low profile' while recording a self-titled EP at the prestigious Metal Works studio. The

band, fronted by Copa cigarette slinger Maria, will release the EP in early October to coincide with a mini-tour of SW Ontario, including an RPM gig Oct 15...Sturm Group's studio wizard Tod Cutler is holed up in Wellesley Sound Studios filling in the cracks on the new Sturm album, slated for a New Year's release. The last album *Century HO!* is in it's third pressing (1,000 each time, as per usual), with 500 sold in Britain alone! Toronto rap crew T.O. Vice may be guesting on the next hot and happening Sturm twelve inch Monster Mix single, a proposed cover of Grand Funk's 'We're An Armenian Band,' which Cutler cites as an unshakeable influence. Party down! Look for the Sturm Group at the Big Bop (!!!) Oct. 15th.

GEORGIA SATELLITES:

In Their Own Orbit

It is a popular philosophy that something must be destroyed in order for something new to be created.

Now, the Georgia Satellites will tell you right off they're not much for philosophizing, but on December 8, 1980 when most of us were mourning the assassination of John Lennon, the Georgia Satellites were playing their first chords in the basement of an Atlanta plumbing supply company.

"On that night we were all hanging out," singer/guitarist Denny Baird recalls, "and it was like, come on man, let's just go play—this is too depressing to think about."

From that night when the boys got together and jammed on some Chuck Berry covers, Baird knew his life as a full-time construction worker and part-time rock and roller, would never be the same.

"We'd start jamming at midnight and play until four in the morning, and I'd have to be up at five for work. It was no problem because it sounded so good," Baird says.

It didn't take much convincing for Baird to hang up his hard hat and safety boots in exchange for the sweet serenade of his Telecaster.

"Ah hell, me an' my little brother would put on 'Street Fighting Man' by the Stones. Mom would be at work so we'd crank the stereo up full gag. Then we'd start air guitar on the brooms, you know, and halfway through the song we'd break into a fist fight because the song sounded so good."

It's a long way from Baird's air guitar broom to the Georgia Satellites, but together with co-guitarist Rick Richards, bassist Rick Jones and drummer Mauro Megallon, they make great G-U-I-T-A-R rock'n'roll.

The self-titled album draws heavily on the two-guitar sound of Keith Richards and Ron Wood. It's not surprising that Baird's foremost guitar influences are Richards and Chuck Berry.

The album's opening track, 'Keep Your Hands To Yourself,' is nothing short of classic. It'll be the song you'll hear and

say, 'who the hell was that?'

"That's a real funny song," Baird says. "Chuck Berry should have written it, but he never got around to it, so I did."

The songs on Georgia Satellites usher forth images of a jam session featuring The Blasters and The Scorchers; the album does indeed blast and scorch, with the guitars' rough edge and Baird's gruff vocals. Smack in the middle of this is a cool cover of Rod Stewart's 'Every Picture Tells A Story.'

The Satellites are one of the few fortunate bands who can escape the deadly conservatism gripping Atlanta. "All the clubs are closing down. There is one big rock and roll club for a metropolitan population of 2 million. You hardly ever hear bands like Jason and The Scorchers and The Replacements on college radio down here," Baird complains.

All is not lost, he admits, as the rural areas are a little more lenient.

"Those people realize you gotta get smashed; you gotta let off some steam. You work all week at the lumber yard, or stacking bricks or whatever, so there needs to be a Friday and Saturday night. It's there for a reason and it's not to sit home watching Cable TV. It is to get out and kick ass and raise some hell. If you do not allow people to do this you are denying them the animal experience."

The Georgia Satellites would like nothing better than to start kicking ass clear across North America. Baird says they are as ready to go as the pop top on a beer can; as soon as the record company folks give the tour the green light.

"For us to get north of the Mason-Dixon line is a major affair. When I went to New York, I had a stiff neck from looking up at buildings. I may as well have been walking around with a sign flashing 'hayseed' on my shirt."

The Georgia Satellites should be up around our neck of the woods in a month or so, possibly with Jason and The Scorchers. It will be a special night for Baird, as his very first sweetheart from Atlanta lives here.

"She's married and has a kid and everything, but she better be there to see us because she knows about The Satellites."

How can you not like a guy who can't even deny his ex-girl the animal experience.

Steve Good



The Butthole Surfers (Gibby far left) —Touch & Go

NO COMMENT

Here's a slab of conversation with Gibby Haines, who makes sounds with his mouth for the Butthole Surfers, the weirdest band in the world. Courageous readers can sample this weirdness on any of their four albums, *Butthole Surfers*; *Psychic Powerless*, *Another Man's Sac*; *Cream Corn From The Socket of Davis*; or *Rembrandt Pussyhorse*. Try one someday, your butthole will appreciate it.

Gibby, you told *SPIN* that a normal day commences with 50 bong hits in the morning; you've dropped acid during a major UK interview; and your warped rock music and horrible sound effects send masses into a fucked-up frenzy. You're playing in a few hours. How would you describe your personality?

"I never really consider my personality."

If you were stranded on Pluto, what record, book, and rock club would you like to have up there?

"Rock club...I don't know. They're a curse."

They're holes."

Holes?

"They're holes holding more holes. I don't know, man, rock clubs are pretty filthy."

How 'bout a record?

"Well, Gaw...I don't know, maybe that single 'White Horse,' by ah, (asks someone else in the room) ...Yeah, by Lay Back..."

Book? (Long pause.) The Bible?

"Yeah? Wow. Do you wear black?"

Sometimes...

"Do you wear skirts?"

Sure.

"Way'da go."

Do you?

"Not to wear out. We've all got skirts."

What's yours like?"

"I got a bunch of skirts... I got a... (pause) suitcase full of underwear from a girl that killed her parents."

John Lydon said that people remind him of beasts. What animal do people remind you of most?

"Oh, the monkey. Either that or the emerald swift."

Or maybe the turnip-tailed gekko."

What do you think of the Jesus and Mary Chain?"

"I like them. I think they're great."

How 'bout Jesus?

"He was a soul man. Jesus was a soul man..."

Are you very religious? Or do you have your own religion?

"Not really. Just kinda...Hang."

-Hang?

"Yeah."

On the song 'Lady Sniff,' who's responsible for all the burps, horks and farts that make up the chorus?

"I am."

Did it take you very long to get it precise?

"Like six hours, but I didn't have to do it over and over. Six hours over-dubbing all those little sequences in between."

Tell me a little about your background.

"Two parents, three kids... Graduated from college... 29 hours of accounting, and 22 hours of economics. And a bunch of other courses."

Were you in a band?

"No, but I was while I was working for an accounting firm for a year."

Could you wear your skirts at that job?

"No. I quit. We decided to move out to California and just play music."

Gibby, you set your hands on fire during live performances; you sing about the underbelly of society with suitably tasteless metaphors; you are fucking strange, man. What's the most amount of drugs you've ever taken, and what was the experience like.

"Wow! The most amount of drugs. Probably the most severe experience I've had with drugs is with alcohol. Have you ever done that? You drink so much the whole room spins and you actually pass out and throw up? Several times?"

Yeah. I thought you'd be a little more...eclectic.

"I don't really do pills."

Do you think you'll ever record a duet?

"That'd be a pretty wild one...Uh, maybe with David Lee Roth, or, yeah, Madonna."

I'm sure she'd be flattered. What song do you think you'd do?

"Lady Sniff."

Why Madonna?

"She's just cool, that's all."

You've met her.

"No, but I've got a picture of me with her."

How'd you do that?

"It's a Madonna lookalike."

What's your fave Butthole Surfer tune?

"I love them all."

Sylvia Slack

Bigger than Jesus

"It won't last more than six months...I'll probably eat my words." —Bamboo boss, Richard O'Brien, on the Big Bop, Nerve May '86.

Get out the chopsticks, Richard, because that unsightly blemish on the most depraved corner of downtown is continually packed solid. And I'll say it: The Bop's a cool club; it blasts the coolest contemporary pop noise, and boasts four floors of prime groovin' space.

That the club still looks like an abandoned funhouse is another question. The Bop people haven't touched the exterior since the management of The Holiday (a live music venue with aspirations much larger than its credit rating) randomly splashed the old building on Queen & Bathurst with streaks of hideous pastels in their quest for visual hipness, here in the 'Fashion District.'

It's a bizarre sight: the windows are boarded up, the paint's chipping, there is no neon sign, no indication at all that this is a dance club—let alone another branch of the Ballanger empire—until the freaks come out at night, and line up down to Richmond St.

Doug Ballanger is the surprisingly youthful, intensely proud "President" of the Big Bop. "Yes, I think it looks good; it goes well with the area." He couldn't really say why there is no sign or windows. "It's difficult for an artist to say why he did what he did. It's definitely planned; we're millionaires, don't forget, money is no object. Call it the Ballanger magic!"

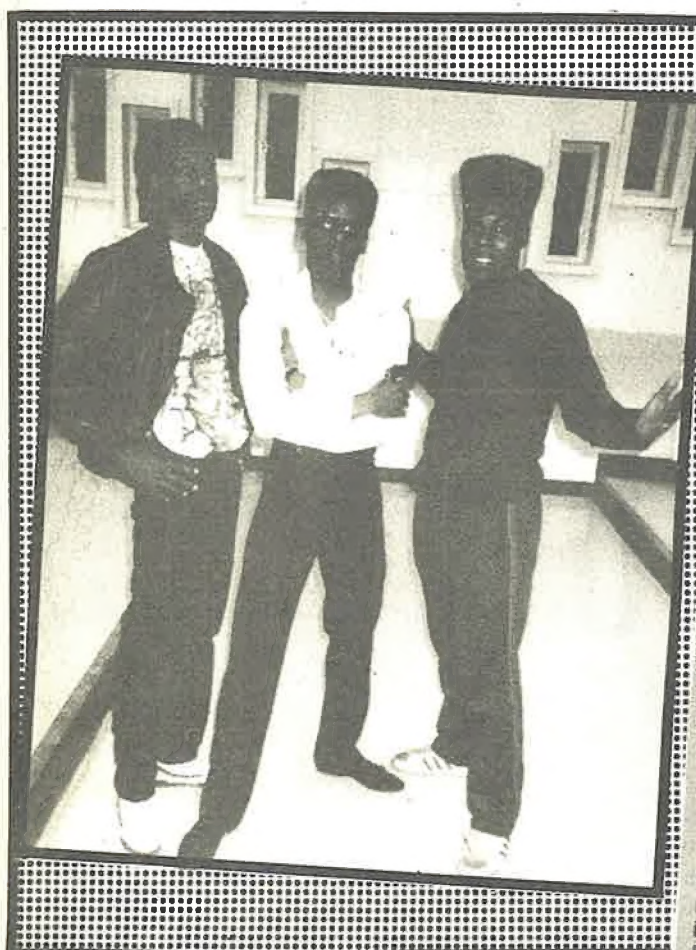
It's the Ballanger magic...

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Big Bop —Chris Buck

SCHOOL'S OUT...



Schooly D & classmates —Schooly D Records

Run DMC broke big this year—hopefully you took proper notice, because in many ways it's the damndest thing to happen to megabuck pop since (depending upon your priorities) Dylan went electric or Kiss went acoustic. *Raising Hell* has perched on *Billboard's* top 5 for weeks now, a striking anomaly: Madonna, Peter Gabriel, Genesis, and Run DMC! Whether it's a meaningless aberration or the promise of a better future, I wouldn't know.

Basic physics tells us that the universe's energy is a constant; when an event takes place, its inverse ensures that equilibrium is maintained. Pop music has always operated much the same way, with artists moving up an imaginary ladder and new faces occupying the dangerous bottom rungs left vacant.

In Run DMC's case, the magnitude of their achievement has been somewhat diminished by an explosion out of Philadelphia: Schooly-D, the embodiment (times ten) of what white suburban kids buying *Raising Hell* must find disorienting about the songs on that album that don't feature the talents of Joe Perry and Steve Tyler. Namely, their unabashed blackness.

Speaking over the phone from his home in Philadelphia, Schooly expressed an untarnished respect for the band who staked out the territory he now calls his own.

"Everybody's asking about me and Run DMC. What I really think about them is the boys are tough. Because they're into rock'n'roll, people think there should be a thing between us. That's not so. They choose the way to make their money, and that's their style, and I choose the way to make my money, and that's my style. And that's what I think about that."

Schooly definitely sounds like he's tired of the subject, so I move on to the *Spin* review of his album. Using the contrived formal conceit of a rap, Sue Cummings panned the record on moral grounds. Although I find such objections antithetical to an appreciation of pop's radical impulse, Schooly's raps do flirt with violence and misogyny in a disconcertingly seductive manner. Even a supporter like John Leland admits the record may be indefensible.

"*Spin* was 50-50. They said some things that might have been true, but they misquoted me on some things, they didn't put the whole lyric down. Like, 'I put my pistol up against his head'—they didn't put the next line in: 'A thought ran across my educated mind/Said Man, Schooly-D ain't doing the time.' The only thing I got out of them was a little publicity."

Schooly's brutal snapshot of ghetto life obviously owes something to Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message,' but for me, its roots skip back to Sly Stone's *There's a Riot Goin' On*. 'The Message' was clear-eyed and clean-sounding, where Schooly's 'P.S.K.' shares with *Riot* a hallucinogenic, nodding-off texture ('I recorded extra tracks of reverb') that may be the only way to convey accurately a milieu I wouldn't even begin to guess at.

"I'm gonna tell you: that used to be a fact of my everyday life. 'Schooly-D,' what I'm rapping about now, those are some of the things I used to do—and what I see everyday in Philadelphia. I see something, I rap about it."

The first thing that fascinated me about Schooly's raps—besides their immense sound—was the repeated use of "nigger," usually expanded to "sucker-ass nigger." The word conjures up intensely unpleasant associations, and no matter how Schooly rationalizes its use, you know it's the shock value he's interested in (just like Lou Reed was never averse to tossing around "faggot" for effect).

"I go back to a movie I saw four or five years ago. A guy in there was telling

one person, 'You know what a nigger is? Somebody who's ignorant, shiftless, and lazy.' So we got black niggers, we got white niggers, we got Chinese niggers. There are niggers in every race."

Media blitz aside, Schooly is still an eighteen-year-old neighborhood kid (kid?—I somehow can't imagine ordering the author of "I fucked her from my toes to the top of my head" to go fetch me a soda). How is he adapting to the monumental changes in his life?

"Well, I get a little bit upset and uneasy when people notice me in public. I would rather stay ordinary on the streets—if I'm at a performance, then treat me like Schooly-D."

"It's starting to get a little heavy. You've got the whole neighborhood wanting free records, everybody wanting an autograph for their grandmother. I know that's a part in it you have to play, that these are the people who buy your records and support you, but I just haven't gotten into it 100 per cent."

The biggest problem now facing Schooly is the same problem that faces anyone with a stunning debut to their credit: Where to go from here? To get more obscene and violent would not only be difficult, but potentially self-defeating. Innovation has a habit of turning into anachronism before you can blink.

"You can take either of the two routes. I've talked to older people in the business, and they say, 'if you hang around being Schooly-D for too long, you might lose everything you could have if you cleaned up your act.' But I don't want to do that too soon, because it's like you sold out your fans. They bought Schooly-D because he was rough and violent and hard, and he said what he had to say."

"Later on down the line, I think I might clean up just a little bit. I don't know. But my next album, I think it's even harder than the one out now."

PHIL DELLIO



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(We're not even counting thousands of boxed 78s and filed 45s in the basement.)

Imagine a home where you literally can't see the walls for the posters: Young James Brown smiling down on you from a huge poster advertising him as "entertainment for the whole family"; a giant pastel print of Bill Haley above the fireplace; stacks of signed 8 x 10's from Hound Dog Taylor and Muddy Waters that haven't reached the walls yet.

You can stop imagining, because we're spending the afternoon at home with Dave "Daddy Cool" Booth.

Daddy Cool is busy for a Sunday: Going through two file cabinets worth of clippings and photos, to fulfill the Kennedy Centre's requests for a tribute to Ray Charles. He's also consulting for a movie that needs to re-create a 1950's record shop in Toronto; planning the next set of tapes he'll be making for circulation to Roots stores across Canada; and he has to prepare for the Sunday-night taping of his Monday-night CFNY radio show.

"So," says Daddy Cool. "What do you want to ask me?"

Tempted to spend a few months here, I don't even know where to begin.

.....

The beginning. Booth grew up in Yorkshire, which accounts for the current traces of an accent. When he was a lad, rock'n'roll exploded in a transatlantic spasm, about 1956 or so.

"I remember hearing 'Rock Around the Clock' by Bill Haley in the movie 'Blackboard Jungle.' It was the loudest thing I'd ever heard. I remember seeing people dancing in the aisles at the movie.

"The first record that really moved me was Hank Williams' 'I'm a Long-Gone Daddy.' It had a real swing to it. With a drum, it would've been rock'n'roll."

From Hank it was on to Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, and all sorts of rebel rock. Booth listened to the pirate station Radio Luxembourg which wafted in from Holland. He set up a bunch of radios in his room to get the sound as loud as it would go. "My dad used to switch off the hydro when it got too loud," he smiles.

Young Booth would take his records to be played in the intermissions at teen dances around town: Little Richard's 'Rip It Up', 'Short Fat Fannie' by Larry Williams. "These kinds of records moved my life," he says.

In 1950's Yorkshire, though, a career in radio seemed impossible. So Booth naively decided that he would travel the world... First stop: Kitchener, Ontario.

Booth approached CKCR in Kitchener, but "naturally they turned me down," Booth says, reasoning that his accent was too strong. But he went to dances in town, and started hanging out with CKCR DJ The Nighthawk, who used to cruise around town in a white Thunderbird.



Dave Booth —Rick McGinnis

this month:

daddy cool

Booth's first DJ job was with the Canadian Air Force. "I called myself Big D With R&B," he recalls. "I had a show called 'Night Train,' and I used to do dances at mess halls."

In 1963, bored with the base, he returned to Kitchener looking for air time. R&B was The Nighthawk's territory, but he mentioned that CKCR was looking for a janitor.

"So I cleaned the wastebaskets and scrubbed the floor, and in exchange for that I got an hour on the air at 1 a.m., to do whatever I wanted with." It wasn't long before his show expanded to three hours.

"I played mostly black music," he says. "Remember, this was hip music then, brand new. And the kind of stuff I played didn't get on the radio, except for black stations in the U.S. I championed this kind of music 'cause I believed in it."

.....

Booth was fired when he asked to be paid for his services. But Maclean-Hunter bought the station, re-named it CHYM, and gave him an hour on the FM band. The show ended up being called 'Kaleidoscope,' and reflected Booth's awakening to British blues-rock.

"The Beatles and the whole British invasion was just teenybopper music to me," he says. "And I couldn't appreciate British blues as authentic, because I saw blues as 'American music.'" But some friends got Booth into Led Zep and John Mayall, and later, Zappa and Beefheart.

The Kaleidoscope show expanded, as did Booth's consciousness; by the end of the 60's, he had hair down to his shoulders.

He moved to T.O. when CFNY asked him to do a show. "That was probably the best radio that I've ever done in my life. Everybody was left alone. I could play anything. I wanted to and nobody hassled me." Which led to mixes of Gordon Lightfoot into bluegrass into the Strawbs.

Dave Marsden moved in, and Booth started to get told what to play. "That's always been impossible for me," he says. So he quit. His listeners got up a hefty petition to keep him on the air, but it was no go.

A friend was starting the fledgling skinny-tie label Bomb Records, and Booth decided to become the promotion manager, handling such notables as Battered Wives and Bob Segarini. He also worked part-time at Don's Discs and Kop's Records (where you can still find him occasionally).

The very day he stopped being a promo guy, Booth became a manager. Not a bad one either, as he managed to get the Bopcats an EP, two LPs, and a headlining gig at the Ritz club in New York. But then the Stray Cats came along to make the Bopcats look like cypriates.

Six years ago Booth went back to CFNY and patched things up with Marsden. Since then, it's been Monday at 10 p.m., strictly blues, and no flak. In fact, the Westwood One firm has approached Daddy Cool about syndicating the program across Canada in 1987, with Roots as the sponsor. If it flies, he might even get syndicated across North America.

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That's good news, because Dave Booth is one of a handful of people left in radio with a discernable personality. And he loves music.

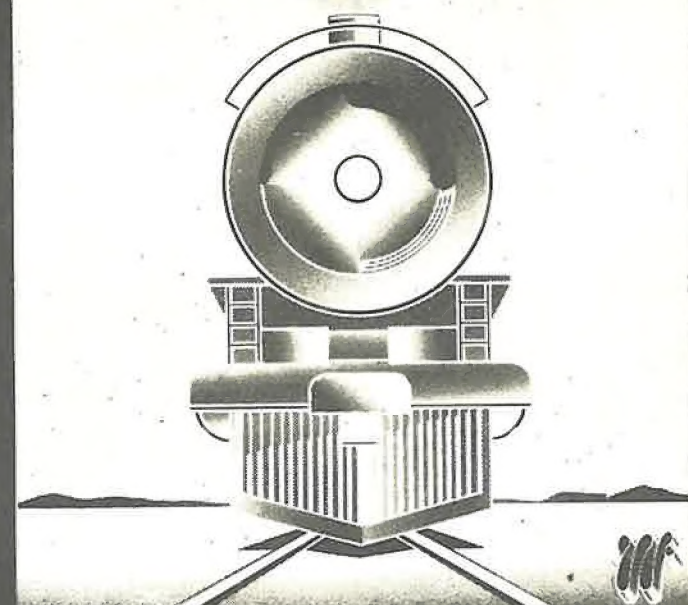
"I liked the radio of the 60's," he says, "when it challenged the public. There's no challenge now." What about college radio? "Yeah, but they're only as good as their worst announcer, and some of them are just awful—miscues, wrong speeds, that sort of stuff."

How does Daddy Cool react to accusations of yuppified nostalgia-mongering? "No way. I'm not a musical hermit locked in to the 50's and 60's, at all. What you hear now is the rounded-out part. You don't hear Little Richard's 'Tutti Frutti' or Otis Redding's 'Shake.' The people who've consulted for those stations have erased all the hard-edged stuff."

Booth's mission? "If I can turn somebody on to some kind of music that has excited me, that's what I like to do."

Howard Druckman

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THESE BOOTS...

"Going down Highway 16 Johnny Crackle in the back seat of a 1962 Ford plays and sings sad songs riding ten years ago to a neon hamburger. Here I am, thought Johnny, and all I can worry about is mustard and relish."

Matt Cohen—
'Johnny Crackle Sings'

Chew on this, hipsters: If you're lucky, your car will break down in the wilderness, you'll use the hayseed's community hall to phone a tow truck, and you'll hear a chorus of 'Squid Jiggin' Grounds' just as you're leaving. But wait: You want Skinny Puppy! You want Max Webster! You want Aldo Nova!

Fine. But in this young country, where popular music is dictated by businessmen with bad chemicals in their heads, there is a musical heritage that binds us no matter who is at the top of the charts. Even though it may seem as faraway and buried as the song sheets that sit in your grandmother's basement, it is here and we must try to learn it.

Sure we're repelled, because each year it seems as if the JUNOs are handing some damned award to Rompin' Ronnie Hawkins. This tokenism makes me sick too, but we must overcome.

Don't lie to me: You know just as well as I do that in 20 years your Skinny Puppy records will be gathering dust on the shelf and some kid will come over and ask: Whatever happened to *them*? Like Hank Snow and Stan Rogers, today's Canadian bands will have split before we have a chance to properly herald their music; whether we admit it or not, we never show enough initiative to put them over the hump. We believe in the American process of starmaking: We don't make or break them, but we *buy* them.

Stompin' Tom Connors, on the other hand, has always championed a different ethic, one that seems almost ludicrous to those who have been weaned on the media's nipple. Connors, through his incredible, 28 album career, thought that Canadians—yeah, you—could do almost anything if they tried, perhaps even more than those damned Yankees. He believed so fiercely in this ethic that he strapped his guitar on his back, rode the rails from East to West, and touched every corner of the nation until he became this country's biggest star.

That's right—the biggest.

Then he quit.

You want to talk about heritage, you talk to Stompin' Tom Connors. Hell, no one gives him awards.

Every day, at least three callers ask the lady who sits at the front desk of Boot Records whether Stompin' Tom will ever perform again. "I have to tell them: Stompin' Tom Connors is retired. He no longer gives interviews. I had people from Lions Clubs call me and try to book him for appearances. It gets a little tough breaking their hearts all the time."

Many of us have vivid memories of Stompin' Tom; a lot of us have never heard of Stompin' Tom; some of us don't even care, but it doesn't matter. Unlike countless other musicians and groups, Stompin' Tom has maintained a powerful presence in our minds, even though he hasn't stepped on stage in nine years.

Tom left his mark in many places. He was named the Goodwill Ambassador to PEI; he got married on Elwood Glover's "Luncheon Date"; he made a classic feature film about one of his tours; he wrote 'Bud the Spud', 'Algoma Central 69', and the theme to 'Marketplace'; he sold-out the Horseshoe Tavern on a record amount of occasions; and he hosted his own television series, *Stompin' Tom's Canada*. Maybe we remember him just because we studied the words to 'Sudbury Saturday Night' in our Grade 9 history texts. Maybe it's our Canadian guilt complex, trying to recoup something we indirectly let go.

In any case, Tom's lingering impact is only now being gauged. Last winter, Peter Gzowski of *Morningside* pleaded with his listeners to submit any information regarding Tom's whereabouts. He came up empty, but he proved that the popular media, which had once chastized Tom for his goofy Canadian persona, was willing to go out on a limb to find him. Since Tom walked

into self-imposed exile in 1978, campus radio stations have recharted his records and First Choice has added his film to their schedule. Everywhere I turn, someone has a story about Tom. So far, I've been told: Stompin' Tom committed suicide and is buried in a Skinners' Pond graveyard; Stompin' Tom is living on a trailer park in Burlington where he performs only for his friends; and Stompin' Tom is living up North as a hermit. He hates talking to people.

All this makes for great folklore, but it doesn't solve the mystery. Stompin' Tom's out there and someone has to find him.

"I'm 41 years old today with a message for the young:

This country has a song to sing and that song must be sung.

Do a deed that will make your country great as a favour to yourself, And there won't be no greener grass in a pasture somewhere else."

'Ripped Off Winkle'

Stompin' Tom Connors

February 16, 1986: Greetings from this Great Highway, where the snow-covered pavement yawns westward, pointing to a place where legends hide. We are fingering the road map in search of our slumbering hero. I grip the wheel firmly, trying not to swerve off the road while my friends smoke nervously in the back seat, hoping to figure out which way is north.

One hour after leaving Toronto, we reach a parking lot that sits at the crest of a squat, wooden community hall. When we roll down the windows, we can hear the squeal of a fiddle that

drifts like a siren into the wintertime air. We sit in the car, reciting our lines to each other, then gather up enough mustard to climb the building's few rickety steps.

We spy a fat Stetson perched on a wide, well-fed body, and when we see a man cross the floor with an armful of Labatts' 50s; we've come to the right place. I approach an old woman at the entrance and ask her if he is here. Then, like an apparition guided through the door by the cloggin' music behind him, Stompin' Tom Connors appears. His friends have thrown him a 50th birthday party and here I am, bewildered, in this Nowhere, Ontario town.

He extends his hand, slaps me on the back and a grin cracks across his stony face. He speaks: "You come all the way from Toronto?" Of course, we are speechless. "You might as well come in and have a few drinks!"

So we do it, and enter Stompin' Tom country.

"I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive Traveller has measured to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Panca said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home."

Lawrence Sterne, 'A Sentimental Journey'

Stompin' Tom Connors was born in New Brunswick in 1936 and was soon adopted to his home in Skinners' Pond, PEI, where he spent his first 13 years. Tom then headed for the open road and 7 years later he had touched both coasts of Canada; to this day, he will attest to having been everywhere except the Queen Charlotte Islands.



In 1964, Connors found himself in Timmins, Ontario, at the Maple Leaf Hotel, with only 35 cents in his pocket. Tom asked the bartender to spot him the extra nickel to buy one draft beer; instead, the bartender told him to play some songs to make up the difference. Gate Lepine, the manager of the hotel, heard Tom sing and hired him on the spot.

Connors remembers: "No microphone, no stage; they just cleared away one of the tables in the corner and stood me there to sing. They gave me a bed and one meal a day. I stayed for 14 months."

Tom traversed the highways and sideroads of Canada until he adopted a legacy of songs that now stand up as the best kind of history and geography lesson. He is recognized as this country's Woody Guthrie because of his road and rail parables and he is perhaps the most reliable popular link between the songs of old Canada. His vision was becoming more focused as he travelled and learned and found out how far he could go.

In 1973, Tom married his wife, Lena, on CBC variety show "Luncheon Date"; among his wedding guests were David Crombie, Richard Hatfield, and Lepine, whom Tom hadn't forgotten. His popularity spread like wildfire through the country and into the city; Connors reached his commercial zenith after playing at Toronto's Horseshoe Tavern and later, Massey Hall, as his records went gold and his reputation spread across the continent. He toured England and Ireland and his record company, Boot, which Tom had started to give young bands their start, was flourishing.

That same year, after proposing to the CNE that he perform at the Grandstand on Labour Day, Connors rejected an offer by CNE officials to play at a lesser venue on the exhibition's Maritime Day. In fact, Tom outright refused to play at all until the Ex stopped treating Canadians as time-fillers for major U.S. stars. In a written statement, he explained: "I feel it is my duty to enact this protest to help those entertainers who are being denied the opportunity to earn a decent living in their own country."

Tom tried to muscle the industry into waking up to his reality: that Canadians were being denied their own music. Connors became an outlaw whose flagrant patriotism was difficult for some weak-kneed Canadians to handle; they wanted the singing cowboy, but instead, they were stuck with the rebel.

Tom showed us that we were getting victimized. Some believed him, but some didn't and each September, Stompin' Tom was nowhere to be seen at the CNE.

In 1978, the feud between Connors and the industry escalated. That year, Connors removed his name from a list of JUNO nominees and questioned the credibility of the industry as a whole. He wanted "a better method of determining people who are eligible for nomination of a Juno. It's not just this year but every year, there are 'Juno Jumpers' who jump into the country and then jump back out to their foreign jobs. In my opinion, all nominees should have their principal place of residence in Canada." Tom returned the awards he had won in 1970, 71, 72, and 73 and vowed to "Make myself unavailable for a period of one year from today for any jobs this publicity might entitle me to."

STOMPIN' TOM

MAN OF MYSTERY, MAN OF SONG

by DAVE BIDINI

These statements lingered in the press and made Tom an even bigger name. But Stompin' Tom needed his fans to stand up and face the hounds. Although his shows still sold-out, he continued his protest to the ultimate degree and dropped out of sight into exile. Connors recorded his greatest album, *Gumboot Cloggeroo*, then disappeared. These days, the albums are all that are left and I doubt if Stompin' Tom will tell me any more than what's been already documented.

Connors is wearing a tanned vest, a brown cowboy hat and noble, knee-high rodeo boots, as he escorts us to a bridge table where a group of old women are cackling at the notion of Tom as a national hero. We sit bewildered and order three beers, watching Connors stroll away towards another group of people who are pointing at him, making jokes, and laughing in loud, bombastic bursts.

I'm feeling kind of inhibited: I drink more and listen to the band, who are playing on a flimsy stage that looks better equipped to serve as head table at a minor-hockey league banquet. They begin 'Apple Blossom Special' and, before I know it, a huge woman in a flowery dress is dragging me around the floor to a vicious two-step. The party has started. Everyone can tell we're not regulars, so they go out of their way to make us welcome.

Tom Connors hasn't granted an interview in ten years and his distaste for the media is one of the reasons he packed it in. When a Boot Record executive fingers me out of the crowd, I approach Tom and reveal my true identity. Tom tells me not to ask for an interview. I don't. So I stay.

But no interview. Later in the evening, Tom and a few friends perform 'Algoma Central 69,' 'Gumboot Cloggeroo,' 'Bud the Spud,' and 'Green, Green, Grass of Home.' During each number, the guests chant the choruses and slam their hands together on the off-beat. Tom dedicates the songs to his friends and thanks them by whacking his heel on the famed plywood board and insisting: "I really mean it. From the boot." Bud Roberts, the hero of 'Bud the Spud,' is then invited to play a few songs. Roberts strums away, we eat in the basement, and Tom opens his gifts. The women behind us are on their tenth beers, and Tom's wife, Lena, is swaying her hips at the back of the hall. I have never been anywhere like this in my life.

The lights of the hall are soon dimmed as Tom's teenage daughter wheels out a gigantic cake that she has constructed in the shape of Canada. After drinking that crucial, final 50, everything becomes surreal; we are each given a square piece and I keep mine, shoving it underneath my trenchcoat so that I can prove to the people back home that this really happened. We are finishing up our beers as Tom strolls over.

"Now you're seein' how the commonfolk celebrate," says Tom. "You're probably used to the way things are done in the city. This is how we do it in the country."

Do you know that people are still listening to your records? Do you know how many friends I have who love your music?

"I got all my good friends here. I want them to represent the whole of Canada. Every bit of it. I don't know you too well, but I'm sure you represent somethin' here... Did you get a piece of cake? I been sick and tired of people not speakin' up, not standing up for what they believe in. Canadians got to get up on their own two feet and shout about what's right. They got to stop looking down there, over their shoulders. It's just the tip of the iceberg. They don't need me, but they need people to do the things that I did. To hell with what the media, or anyone else says. You call a spade a spade, or else people see right through you."

It took me a long time to believe that I was Canadian.

"How are you supposed to know what you are? I did my part—it was just a small part—then I got fed up. The interviews I gave all mentioned the board I used, and things like that. They didn't want to talk about my songs. They thought I was a joke. I hated lookin' at 'em. They'd talk to me one minute and laugh the next."

Have you really been to every part of Canada?

"I'd get to where I was going any way I could. I was playing one night when I met these school teachers who asked me: 'Why aren't there any songs about Canada?' I knew they were right, so I started writing about the places I visited and the people I met. I made all those records but, to this day, people still ask that *same question!* You got to remind them: These are Canadian songs."

Outside, in the calm February evening, Stompin' Tom is standing at the door way, thanking us for coming. The singer is alive: He's a tough guy, and he'll call a spade a spade. The legend turns and swaggers back to the party of commonfolk, where he is not the star attraction, but merely the man who plays the guitar. Tom looks every bit the rebel. His strong, weathered face implies that he's too proud to ever be taken for a martyr, especially in his own country.

People ask me if I think he'll return to the business, but the problem is more confusing: Will he ever understand that he has infatuated his followers to the point that they may start doing what he tried to do, all over again?

If Tom ever discovers this, he'll probably brush them back, invite them over for beers and sing into the early morning. He'd rather talk about hockey than listen to your explanation, but he's on our side, even though he doesn't come out anymore. But say he did. Wouldn't we all sleep a little better at night?

Stompin Tom
pictures courtesy
Boot Records

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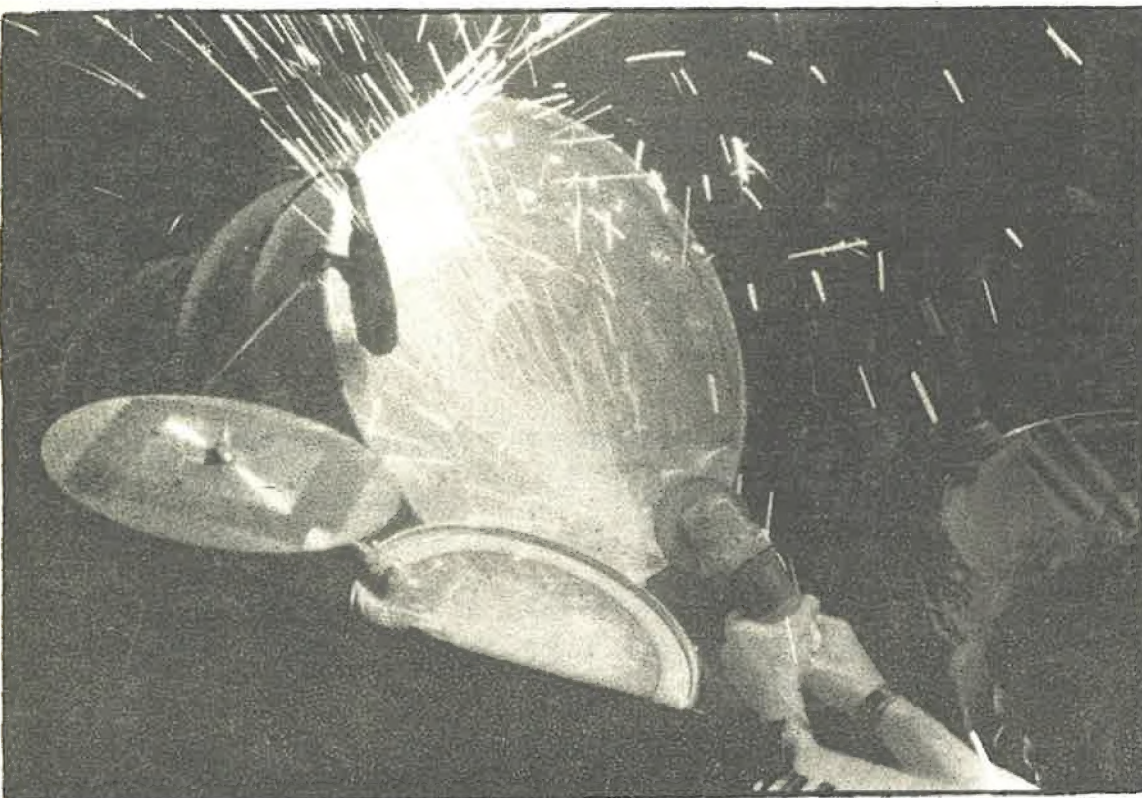
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Ogre



Cevin

"How was the concert, Junior? Who was it—the Hysterical Weiners?"

"Skinny Puppy, Dad. They blew a rat's ass out his eyeballs. Consider the significance of their Goth Rock primal therapy. These skinny dudes are three art droppings from California, no, Vancouver, where there's a current surplus of dynamite weed and rock persons are afflicted with angst in their pants, so they remove their pants or they exploit their angst to the max, Dad. Puppy are the vanguard of an aesthetically explicit thread of Rock's rich and colourful tapestry, which they've achieved through the response of the critical mass to their abrasive, cathartic mutation of the minimalist European Power Electricians and the impulsive, Behaviorist metaphors abused by punk rock. As willing participants in the glandular over-reaction of the Skinny Puppy Live Post-Apocalyptic Opera, we were forced to confront the beauty of our failures as portrayed by the primal scream ritual of singer Ogre Oglivie (sp). and found ourselves mesmerized by a foreboding rush of narcotic noise, not unlike that of bones in the garbeurator, which we appreciated as an accurate reflection of the demonic forces covertly operating in our desperate hearts. The fake blood and the fireworks were swell, too."

"Do you feel enriched by the experience?"

"Infinitely, Dad. Can I have an EEG Osterizer Tremelo Modulator with Dual Cosmic Boost Capability and External Psychic Overdrive with a Rinse Cycle for my 12th birthday, please?"

NO SCAM?

(Rock writers: you have to love us. Let's face it; we're exciting people, who meet exciting rock stars and then we get to write many hundreds of exciting words about them in exciting publications.

Content in the knowledge that, as professional observers, we never have to put our asses on the line for anything *real*, we can then write the most preposterous twaddle on an intrinsically insignificant subject to sublimate our social inadequacies. We call it an honest day's toil, we call it art, we can call it love if we want to.)

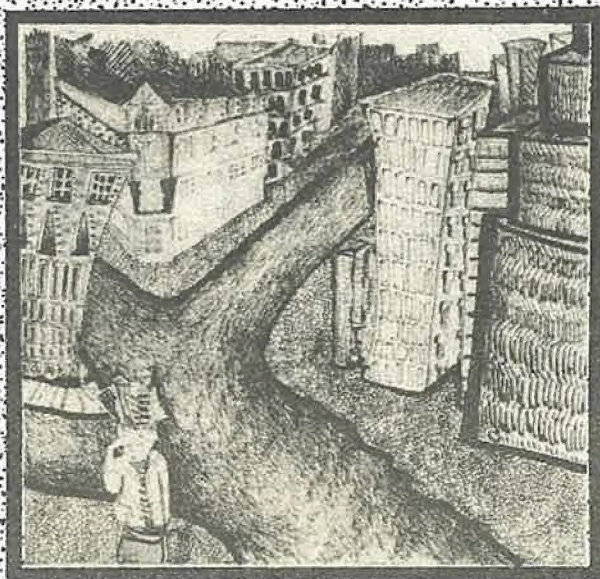
Next question. Skinny Puppy: what's the scam?

No scam. It's real. They mean it. Skinny Puppy will significantly subvert public tolerance of the current mediocrity because they're damn WEIRD. Their consummate WEIRDNESS keeps them in ragged threads and dynamite weed and raw meat and face paint and good favour with the vertical hair people and the polite drunks who write about pop rock and jazz for Canada's press gang. Being seen and being seen as WEIRD is their meal ticket all the way. And this WEIRD thing is their sole contribution to Canadian culture, other than the sample copies of their charming pop records they're required to send to the National Library Archives for forensic examination. Ah, but these records can be thunderous and precise and revolting and unrelenting and beautiful. Their concept of resurrecting a sturdy beat from the ashes of

Parts Found In Sea

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NOV. 6 LEE'S PALACE

of SKINNY PUPPY

"Check...UUUHAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHYYYY.
Check...wwwaaahhhiiiiAAAAAAHHHGGHH. Check."
(Soundman Dave Ogilvie checks brother Oggie's
vocal sound levels.)

Key, do you and Ogre discuss what's going to occur onstage?
"The live show is Kevin's area, and he concocts all the ideas. That's his avenue of experimentation in this project."



Ogre, Cevin

punk's pretend nihilism is most timely, and with Toronto's DJ Supreme Chris Sheppard and Vancouver's extraordinary Dave Ogilvie involved in processing their noise into tangible pop candy, it can only be a matter of time and blowjobs before the eternal strobelight is theirs. They're going to get on your nerves, and you're going to enjoy it!

But if the Skinny Puppy Experience was as precise as the thought that went into its motives, they too would be the cult heroes of a thousand rock critics. Right now, they're just an ordeal that has to be seen and heard at least once by all you self-respecting, second-level alcoholic existentialists.

A DOG'S LIFE

"I can't take much more of this!"—Big Al Sutherland, Graffiti.

You said it, Al. Skinny Puppy give you more than you can take! Let's wail, babe.

NEW ALBUM

It's called *The Perpetual Mind Intercourse*; perhaps alluding to the unrelenting head-fuck of their version of rock music.

Cevin Key: "No, it's *Mind the Perpetual Intercourse*. Of course!"

"Like, don't mind the perpetual intercourse, and, obviously, the mind as a perpetual intercourse of thought, in the sense of I fuck you up, you fuck me up, or, do you mind? do you mind the perpetual intercourse?"

"But it deals with head-fuck, because that in itself is what we want to express. Just social situations, how people react to each other, how typical that can be, and different aspect of how shit flies in all directions and how it all comes together."

FLYING SHIT

I went to Hamilton to ingest some raw Puppy, and...yeah, Hamilton. Rockin' town. Nobody there has any neck, but they know how to ROCK. Some kind of compensation, I guess.

Netwerk booked road-weary Puppy into a renovated hockey rink "in the middle of gangland," according to a local mole. Some kind of hellish intervention, I guess

BAD ENERGY

No disrespect to the seven people in the audience at Hamilton's Rockpile who don't own every record by The Banshees, Bauhaus, and The Cure, but Skinny Puppy's young followers are the most God-forsaken gaggle of Dickensian waifs to emerge into sunlight since the last Cult gig. I was profoundly struck with the apparition of hundreds of *completely similar* 'ultra-individualists', three-to-five years my junior, fucking ten times hipper than me, and these blank faced kids just descend on the Official Puppy Merchandise table the minute their floppy little mops introduce themselves to my tired old eyes.

Every so often I get this *glare* from one of these puppy lovers who look one hundreds of years old (the ones who sip, chew, and inhale impassionately for the benefit of their maximum *self-respect*), and I wonder what would have happened if Skinny Puppy wore plaid.

Oggie: "There's people in our audience who look on the inside the way I look onstage."

RECORD STORE SIGNING

Outside 'Cheapies,' where Skinny Puppy are supposed to be autographing their new album for almost one hundred strange looking examples of youth, a man with no neck and no teeth walks by the record store with his pale companion: "Skinny Puppy. WHAT THE FUCK! Severed Heads. WHAT THE FUCK!" A perfectly understandable reaction.

The public wants to know, Skinny Puppy: what the fuck? Oggie: "It is sick. It is twisted."

How do you sell it?

"I don't know. I really don't think about that. Otherwise you change what the original intent was, which was to relate experience—raw experience, all the time. Our music is raw experience."

Have you experienced the craziness your character portrays?

"Most of it, yeah. In one way or another. Everyone's a little bit evil. That's why war is with us—it's within the heart of man."

So; live a little, love a little, buy the new album, eat shit and die. Skinny Puppy loves you, and so do I.

Compulsion:
DAVE MACINTOSH

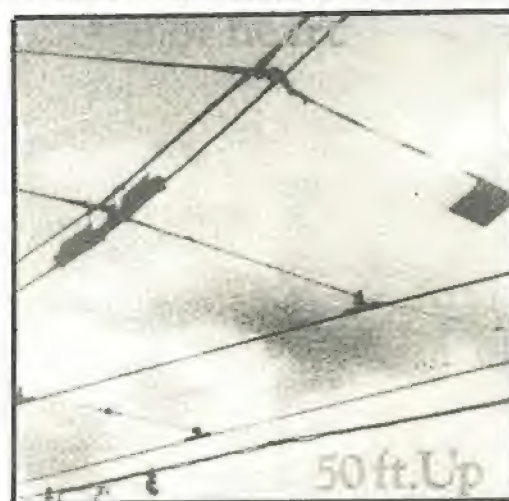


Emulsion:
STEVE RALPH



SUBCANUS

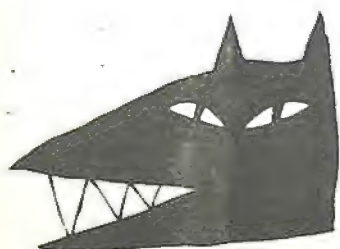
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Jean-Jacques Beineix —Rick McGinnis



Paul Cox —Rick McGinnis



Horton Foote —Rick McGinnis

It's not too hard to draw comparisons between watching a film and listening to an album. Both call on you as a spectator: you are consuming a product—crass and material, but true. In spite of the fact that both “products” are the net result of a collaboration, both are usually guided by the vision of one person. These factors are unimportant next to the fact that, somewhere along the line, somebody who appreciates their standard of living hopes that you, and many people like you, will put out your cash to share their experiences.

While the movies are a more bloated manifestation of this little system, as it takes much more money to put film in front of the public, both mediums find themselves attracting fanatics—both as creators and fans—and the usual large body of frauds, charlatans, and hacks. A film festival, to stretch the analogy even further, is a little bit of heaven. It's like a very plush club crawl, where the like-minded can get together and share their appreciation for The Fall, say, or John Huston; Einsteuzende Neubaten or Jean-Luc Godard. There are, in the movie biz, the same fanatics, dedicated loners, independents with their own, unique little contribution just waiting to change our lives. The difference, I discovered, is that the man with the camera is a little bit more well-spoken than the man with the guitar.

Jean-Jacques Beineix made his debut six years ago with a film called *Diva*. Refused release in France, the film was screened to sold-out houses and rave reviews at the Toronto Festival of Festivals. It became a huge hit at art and repertory cinemas all across North America, and returned to France to vindicate Beineix' unique approach to film-making.

Not fond of dialogue, Beineix is capable of the most startling images. *Diva*, the far more ambitious and far less successful *Moon in The Gutter*, and his latest, *Betty Blue*, are without exception, wonderful to look at.

Betty Blue is a movie about sex. It opens with a long, slowly zooming shot of Betty and Zorg, our hero and heroine, making passionate love. We watch as Betty becomes the motivating force in Zorg's nowhere life, and then as Betty makes the ugly descent into insanity. What remains with you is the impression of desire, the way that Beineix has literally put Betty and Zorg's passion right in our laps.

In person, Beineix is much as you'd expect him. Small and intense, even arrogant. He strings together one disparate thought after another with a loosely learned English that's as good as any movie dialogue. His gospel of Film Design a sort of aesthetic religion, sounds like the descendant of the Victorian pre-Raphaelites.

CONTINUES PAGE 26

FILM

Rick McGinnis and Scott Woods skip the popcorn and go straight to the heart of the matter with:
JEAN BEINEIX,
PAUL COX,
HORTON FOOTE
and D.A. PENNEBAKER



Pennebaker —Chris Buck

D.A. Pennebaker's approach to filmmaking is not unlike that of Nick Lowe's approach to producing rock'n'roll: bash it out, tart it up later. With this in mind, it's not so surprising that Pennebaker—in Toronto recently for the screening of *Jimi At Monterey* at the Festival of Festivals—is responsible for some of the greatest rock'n'roll films the genre has produced: *Don't Look Back*, with Bob Dylan in '65, *Monterey Pop* in '68, and *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars* in '72.

Indeed, Pennebaker works with the same instincts as the best rock'n'roll artists themselves. "What you want," he told Nerve, "is the camera to kind of enter into the performance a little bit, and respond as a person would. To try to direct those things in advance is beyond me."

Pennebaker (now in his sixties and still a rock'n'roll fan), started working with rock musicians when Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, approached him to make a film on the American 'folk singer.' He had been anxious to make a rock'n'roll film, but still started that project with no preconceptions about Dylan or how the film itself would look.

"All I wanted to do, really, was hang around and watch. I didn't want to know anything, particularly. I had no questions to ask him about anything. I didn't even care whether that was his real name. It never occurred to me to do a documentary, as such. I just wanted to see what it was

like to hang out with the guy for two or three weeks."

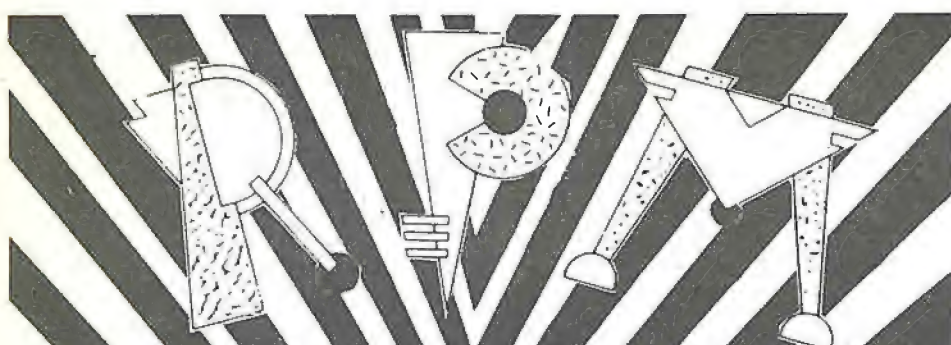
Don't Look Back is a masterpiece, as it follows an elusive, angry and determined Dylan throughout his 1965 British tour. However, it's not merely straight footage of Dylan on-stage and off-stage: *Don't Look Back* neatly captures the baffled English reaction to this scrawny singer (example: stuffy British reporter transcribing his review of the Dylan show from a phone booth: "Mr. Dylan doesn't sing. He sermonizes; end of sentence."). And even more vital, it gave one the feeling that Dylan was ready to explode upon the world, which, of course, he did by going electric. Shot entirely with hand-held camera—a technique the director uses on any performance footage—the film has a rough edge that is as captivating as its subject.

As Pennebaker said, "you could sense there was some sort of turning in Dylan's life, without quite understanding what it was. I mean, who knew what electric music was then? You could smell that he was too driven to give way to whatever the forces on him were."

With 1968's *Monterey Pop*, Pennebaker entered once again looking for more than simple concert footage: "I had a notion about California. Everything was about California then, everybody wanted to see California. Incidentally, the drugs and the whole scene was a part of that. Suddenly, everybody who was 17 or 18 years old in America thought, 'Gee, I could do that.' And that's a fantastic force."

The latest project is an offshoot of *Monterey Pop*, entitled *Jimi At Monterey*. Here is Jimi in all his glory (and still relatively unknown in America at the time) putting out more in a 45-minute set than most of the Monterey performers knew was humanly possible.

CONTINUES PAGE 26



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5. NICK CAVE..... Kicking Against The Pricks —Mute
6. VARIOUS..... It Came From Canada Vol.2 —Og Music
7. RUN DMC..... Raising Hell —Profile/PolyGram
8. RAUNCH HANDS..... Learn to Whap-a-Dang —Relativity
9. VARIOUS..... London Underground —CHRW
10. INA KAMOZE..... Pirate —Island/MCA

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1. SHEEP LOOK UP..... Sheep Look Up —Sheep Look Up
2. BILLY BRAGG..... Levi Stubbs Tears —Polygram
3. COTTAGE INDUSTRY..... The Winter's Tale —Ikon Politikon
4. DUNDRELLS..... Nothin On T.V. —Dundrells
5. YOUSOU N'DOUR.... The Rubberband Man —Earthworks/Rough Trade

FUNDRAISING

Every year CKLN turns to its listeners for support. This year is no exception, on October 24th CKLN starts its annual On-Air Fundraising Drive...Eleven days of fun-filled community support. Answer telephones, arrange for celebrity guests, give away prizes, sell your soul for CKLN, just come by and volunteer. If you're interested in helping CKLN reach its goal, phone 595-1477 or drop by our offices at Jorgenson Hall Room A63.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO

WEB

Canadian Countdown

54.40: currently touring Eastern Canada, the single 'Baby Ran' is enjoying a play on both campus and commercial stations. 54.40 is an eclectic pop band from Vancouver; 54.40 is their third album (their first for a major label), and this week's number one Canadian Campus album. (Warners—WEA)

L'Etranger: The third mini-album from this politically inclined Toronto band just raced up the charts, now at the number two position. Look for an updated version of this band on their cross-Canada tour starting in October. (L'Etranger)

Fifth Column: The bizarre garage rock of this all-woman (or 'No men' as they prefer) collective from Toronto has been available on their own 'Hide' compilation tapes for five years, but this is their first album, a strange hybrid of junk rock and minimalist dirge. (Hide)

Cottage Industry: Another new addition to the Web campus chart, their 'Winters Tale' is in at number 8. (Ikon/Polikon)

'It Came From Canada Vol. 2': Tracks from Ray Condo, Dundrells; Shadowy Men, Chris Houston, and other lowlife scum are featured on the second compilation from Deja Voodoo's OG Music. A sure-fire Christmas pleaser, in at number 11. (Og Music)

Throbs: They're proud to be loud, and this Hamilton schlock rock band is proud to be number 13. (Precision)

Manteca: No stranger to radio play, Manteca's last Duke Street album had an underground hit with 'Jungle Beast.' 'No Heroes' is the second album for this Toronto Latin fusion collective. Watch for a TV special on the making of this record, on Toronto's CITY-TV. (Duke Street)

Screaming Bamboo: 14 weeks on the WEB chart for this Ottawa band, 'Break These Chains' is a pleasant and persuasive record. (Dad's Favorite Records)

Psyche: 'Contorting the Image' is the follow-up to the great 'Thundershowers' EP. This Toronto duo are now based in Paris, where their discs are released by the essential New Rose label, home of the Cramps!

Sheep Look Up: The Sheep, currently touring out West, have more than a weird name: this is strange, dense music from the London, Ontario band's first release. (SLUR)

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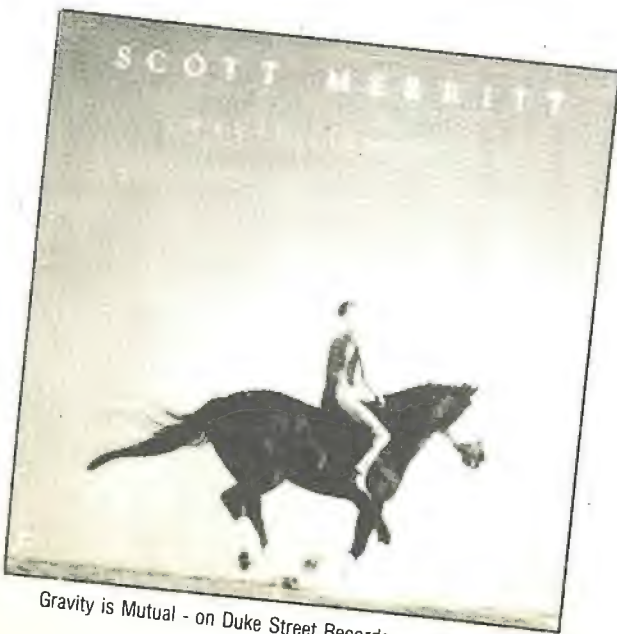
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Gravity is Mutual - on Duke Street Records

SCOTT MERRITT

Scott Merritt's initial project for Duke Street Records, *Gravity Is Mutual*, followed the release of two independent records on his own label. *Gravity* has been described as "a brilliant collection of humorous and humane tone poems", and the *Toronto Star*'s Greg Quill called his music "dense and personal, but always provocative." Live, Merritt's intriguing, quirky stage presence is a revelation for new audiences.

Scott Merritt has been a member of CAPAC for many years; the songs on *Gravity Is Mutual* are administered by Merritt's CAPAC publishing companies, Red Sky Music and Little Jona Music.

If you—or people you know—write, perform, or record original music, you should know about CAPAC. Finding out more about earning royalties is easy; you can start by calling Roy Windhager at (416) 924-4427 or Richard Flohil at (416) 925-5138.

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Regional

REPORTS

Whining Out
in Vancouver

The Shaman has returned to wrack *Nerve* if only to prove that the foul-mouthed Doctor Fishbreath is NOT the only fine whiner in Vancouver. No indeed, the good doctor's mendicant rants belie the soul of a disjointed Displaced Person while the Shaman speaks the Truth, because the Shaman is Here and Now.

What may you think if I told you I have seen Fishbreath lurking about the darkest recesses of Expo 86? Eating Montreal Smoked Meat at Phat Phil's, quaffing a few brews in the 86 Street Cabaret? Eh? I know this because I work there.

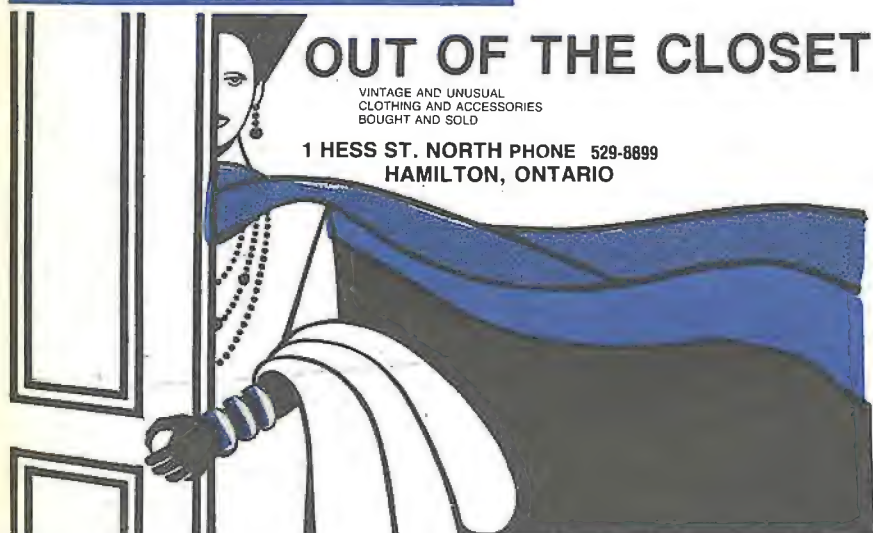


Test Dept at play — Myke Dyer

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...HAMILTON

I admit the Shaman was Expodited in a Big Way, attracted by the lure of big bucks and a good time. For two months I was unaware of the existence of *Nerve*, nay, The World, beyond the Expo Gates. But the Shaman is back to tell the True Story—of corruption, oppression, drugs, and bad language. (*Tell it like it is!* —Ed.)

For example, would you believe that the Shaman was physically ejected by an Expo Security Guard from the Xerox International Theatre while attempting to dance during a performance by Kid Creole & His Coconut? The supposed reason for such an extreme reaction was that the Shaman was seen to be a trouble-maker and an instigator—one who disrupts the Order! And yet, all he wanted to do was dance, not such an unreasonable response to a show loaded with panache, and infused with an infectious beat!

But many among the Expo Security Guards think they are commandeering a concentration camp rather than working at a World's Fair, and they are capable of applying as much human reasoning to a situation as a trained police dog. Bite first, then bark if necessary. They are stupid beings who try to justify their measly existence by exerting some form of physical domination to curtail what they think of as 'threatening' behaviour. In a broader sense, it is the same system that many governments apply to, and Expo, being a government corporation, is no different. Yet, the Human Spirit is mightier, and after the Shaman was rough-handed out of the theatre in full view, the crowd was whipped into a dancing frenzy, render-

ing the so-called 'Security' entirely impotent. The Shaman was a martyr for the cause, and it was worth it.

Nonetheless, it is ironic that such a shameless act of denial occurred at the Xerox Theatre. If anything, it enhances this venue's reputation as the only vital forum for expression in an otherwise abysmally artificial environment. For better, or for worse. The Xerox presented a stupendous array of cultural programming of a quality rarely sampled in this city, if not the entire country.

Yousou N'Dour from Senegal, **Einsturzende Neubauten**, the **World Drum Festival**, **Bloolips**, **Dollie Deluxe** from Norway, the **Indonesian Dance Group**, and **Test Department** performing on the British National Day are testament to the fact that even Expo can not ignore the brilliance of unbridled inspiration. And dare I neglect to include in this exemplary company local trash and burn 'unit, **Slow**, who bared their wherewithal on the Xerox stage and publicly announced the **Bill Bennett** was indeed a Fascist, at the same time he was busily being venerated by thousands of Sacred Schmucks a stone's throw away at the Kodak Bowl. Amen. The Shaman rests his case.

And what of our fair city by the sea, blessed by 66 days without appreciable rainfall? Will the real Vancouver reclaim itself from this euphoric artifice? Will Gastown manage to re-stock its stores with t-shirts and Indian sweaters before next summer? Will Fishbreath be cured of vernacular halitosis? Will the Shaman ever stop?...

The Shaman

The KEY WEST Café

Wed 8: South Pacific
/Primrose Lane
Fashion Show, with UKASE
Thurs 9: GRANNY'S GUMS
Fri 10: NUROTICS
Sat 11: UKASE & THE UNDECIDED
Sun 12: HYSTERIC NEUROTICS
(from Detroit)
Mon 13: EDNA & EDNA
Tues 14: REGGAE RECORD PARTY
Wed 15: S.F.H.
Thur 16: LIFELESS CURRENTS
Fri 17: THIN LINE
Sat 18: CRAWLING KING SNAKE
Sun 19: BITHER
Mon 20: Manic Mondays
Tues 21: WORLD FAMOUS
BLUE JAYS
(from Detroit)

Wed 22: DIOXYN
Thurs 23: PHANTOM BUFFALOS
(from Toronto)
Fri 24: NOSMO KING JR.
Sat 25: L.M.O.T.V.
Sun 26: A WHOLE BUNCH
OF JACKS
Mon 27: Manic Monday
Tues 28: UNKNOWN ORIGIN
Wed 29: MERCURY FESTIVAL
(from Toronto)
Thur 30: PROBLEM CHILDREN
record release
Fri 31: 63 MONROE & UKASE
Halloween Party
Sat Nov 1: WORK PANTS
Sun 2: EDNA & EDNA
Mon 3: Maniac Monday
Wed 5: BLACK DONNELLY'S
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Hammer Happenin's by B.F. "Mole" Mowat

Hamilton is a constant center of activity, most of which few people actually see. I know of at least a dozen outfits who have recorded demos or records within the past month. Not bad for the armpit of Lake Ontario.

First off, the latest writhings from the **Vypers** cave has **Nick Stipanitz** leaving to re-join his oom-pah-pah band and embark on a career in semi-pro soccer. New drummer **Scott MacGregor** is a Hammer-ite (natch) and according to **Frank**, "he fits in really well, dresses well, has a cool set of drums, and a big dick." By the time you read this, the Vypers should be slithering out west to conquer Medicine Hat, with snakey vinyl out "as soon as we can get the cash."

Remember **Bob Bryden**? The (in)famous producer of such anti-classic **Forgotten Rebels** LPs as *In Love With the System* and *This Ain't Hollywood*, veteran of Hamilton's hippy-rock band **Christmas** (whose LPs now fetch \$225 U.S. on the collectors block) and quite possibly the only person in the history of Canadian rock to delete himself (of 'See This Brick'), has resurfaced in a self-described "quasi-gospel/folk duo" **Belma & Bob**. Belma is **Belma Vardy**, a model/actress, and the duo play the type of gigs that most people miss out on—jails, coffeehouses and Indian reservations.

Bob has been writing plenty of songs since we last heard from him—what he describes as "social conscious protest kind of stuff," and he's planning a solo LP entitled *Welcome Back to the Human Race*.

Bob also informs me that "good friend and drinking buddy," **Simon de Beaupres** of **Age of Mirrors** is a busy guy. A.O.M. have demo'd 10 songs for a new LP tentatively titled *Columbus Discovers America 1992*. The first A.O.M. LP has sold out, and there are no plans to re-print it.

The Trouble Boys have finished a demo for "shopping purposes" and are looking for a label to call home (may I suggest **Rounder**? Or **WEA**?). Toons include 'Restless' (co-written by **Tim Gibbons** and **Nick Stipanitz**) which is sure to become the 'Louie Louie' of the 80s. The **Florida Razors** have already slated to release it on their upcoming *Kings of Clang* LP, due out mid November (so they say).

The Moon Crickets are absorbed in yet another change in direction. "We were jamming around on old Stooges and Dolls stuff we used to do in **The Loudmouths**, and we figured we'd quit being a serious band and just have fun," according to **Dave Howitt**, the lead guitarist for the group.

The Throbs are coming to your town...check the club listings.

Finally, I'd like to say something about **Garnet Rogers**. Now, I know that most people associate anything acoustic/folk slanted with senility, but lend an ear to *The Outside Track*, Garnet's new LP. It's acoustic and sparsely arranged, but it works. The *Star* called it "LP of the decade," and while I would go that far, I would call it a fine record, and proof that integrity and intensity can be measured in terms other than r.p.m. and dBs.

Garnet has worked with British folk legend **Archie Fisher**, who taught **Davey Graham**, who taught **Jimmy Page**, who taught everybody else everything they know about acoustic licks. That's all...

London

...CHRU's compilation album *London Underground*, is now available and may be requested on college radio stations across the province... **Suffer Machine**, with the elastic man **Pete Tangredi** on vocals, the very jazzy **Lisa Patterson** on sax, gregarious **Greg** on bass and brooding song-writer **Stephan** on keyboards, release their album *Deprogramme* Oct. 10. With **Pat** on guitar and **Chris** smashing rhythms, this is a powerful sextet, especially on 'Raging Bull.' They open with **October Crisis** for D.O.A. Oct. 7th in Guelph... The last time I saw **Condo Christ**, they attracted a dance floor of smashed football players, and I must say they play with more vigour than most. Their feature on *London Underground*, 'Weekend Alcoholic', features the germaine question "How long can you be a brat?" The answer may be revealed at **Jerry's Alley** Oct. 25th in St. Catharines. Look for them on the Hamilton compilation album now in progress... **Ukase** have an upcoming single *The Rain/Runaway* and will be off to Montreal this month...If you enjoy the reggae beat, check out **Alpha**. Yes all eight members of this happen'ing band fit on *Call The Office's* stage. The profits for their single *Starvation* go

to Ethiopia relief...**The Waiting's** **Julie Choquette** is one of London's best vocalists. She's a back up singer on the University Hospital single/video "Thank You," and fronts the six-member **Waiting**. Although she does great **Joplin**, **Midler**, and **Hynde**, she shines on originals like 'Living in Slow Motion,' and 'Key of Love.' A single is in the works...Look for **Itsa Skitsa** material in the Brit film *Live-After-Five* and catch the golden wonders at **The Office** Oct. 24-25...**Thin Line** draw the line between hip and hep at **Lee's Palace** on the 18th, **Key West** the night before and Halloween at **The Office**. Their **CHRW** cut, *Burning Leaves* is wonderful, even though they describe themselves as post/punk **Joy Division-Bowie**. Emminently danceable. Of 625 entries, they are this year's runner up in the **CFNY** Great Ontario Talent Search... Finally, what would an October issue be without **October Crisis**? Their **CHRW** cut 'PCB's' is the most political on the album and they're featured on the Montreal compilation *It Came From The Pit*. Signed with **Psyche Industry Records**, they go into the studio mid-November with a tentative mid-winter album release.

Sonja K.

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DRASTIC PLASTIC



Camper Van Beethoven

II & III

Pitch A Tent/Rough Trade

"Each and every one of these songs is intended to be at the same time a well-formed and complex joke but also a very serious and heartfelt piece of music: each song is very serious, each song is very humorous."

That little tidbit comes from the free-form lyric sheet enclosed in *II & III*, and you know, it's so perfect a description of the record, it could almost stand as a complete review. But let's leave such minimalist criticism to the folks over at SixPack, and go a little further in deconstruction of the wonderful and not-so-frightening world of Camper Van Beethoven.

Pop music functions best as mood, so the more stylistic ground an album tries to cover, the less it appeals to clearly defined needs. *Funhouse*, *The Chantels*, and *Black Vinyl Shoes* are admittedly one-dimensional records, but that same narrowness allows them to contain the world; they have a monomaniacal richness that ensures they're never far from my turntable. Eclecticism too often betrays a lack of commitment, a 'let's give everything the once over' casualness.

Keeping that in mind, it must also be acknowledged that eclectics can forge their own identity and be a pretty wonderful lot. *II & III* is as charming a record as you'll hear this year, never sounding forced as it runs the gamut from rustic C&W to Slavic folk-dirges to Scottish jigs to backward-masked *Revolver* pop to a bunch of sounds invented by Camper Van themselves.

The tone is established right from the first line, which I'll cross-refer to those deadbeats in Sonic Youth: "You know, you really shouldn't take yourself so seriously/if you want to know why, it's 'cause no one else does." A lot of *II & III* is devoted to deflating pretension: phony cowboys from Hollywood, received middle-class bohemianism, and two songs ('Chain of Circumstance' and 'Sometimes') which recall the ridiculous college girl of Steely Dan's 'Reeling In the Years.' The targets become a bit obvious on 'No More Bullshit,' an attack on MTV and rock stardom, but even there a single line saves the day: "Elvis Presley died/and no one knows why." And no matter how jokey the proceedings get, Camper Van never stops questioning love, life, and all that other stuff, with insights as profound as they are concise.

Though eight of 19 songs are instrumentals, none are wasted, and one, the quirkiest of the bunch, had me in fits of euphoria. 'ZZ Top Goes to Egypt' is a title for the ages, but that's only the beginning: mixing a slow boogie shuffle, bits of slide, and an exotic violin that conjures up images of cows trekking across the Sahara, it sounds...how to say it...very much like ZZ Top would if they went to Egypt.

In true Camper style, let me sum up: drocer siht tuohtiw etelpmocni si efil ruoy. Stand on your head, and you'll understand.

Phillip Dellio



Talking Heads Little Creatures Sire

After seasons of being nagged on national TV, Samantha finally granted Darren his wish and sent him to Tahiti. We watched anxiously as Darren put his sandalled feet up, listened to the radio and ordered cocktails at the beachside. For one endless half-hour, Darren was reprieved from all of his distractions—the extraterrestrial lawnmower, the Warlock sneaking around in the kitchen and Agnes Moorhead staring at him in the mirror when he went to bed. Darren was transformed from the guy who gets up in the morning, washes his face and greets living Hell, into an affable vacationer, mellowed with peace of mind and blanché by suntan and beautiful boredom.

In his natural, middle-class environment, Darren Stevens was the ideal Mr. Everybody, a man so coiled-up and paranoid that his existence was a tragi-comic metaphor for life in the suburban universe. When Darren took that holiday, he became a totally unbelievable and unreliable character; *Bewitched* betrayed its viewers by baiting us with Darren's emancipation, when all along we were convinced that his life, like ours, was a ridiculously unsolvable riddle.

Which brings us, of course, to David Byrne. Byrne used to sing about life with a voice and style that sounded as wound up and terse as a Slinky. Like Stevens (Dick York, the first and best Darren), Byrne had a straight-laced/straight-jacket image that represented man's intolerable attitude towards happy people. Their 1980 hit 'Once In A Lifetime' is Darren's twisted and unpredictable life in a nutshell.

True Stories is Byrne in Tahiti. A rather boring Byrne, one so removed from life's incessant haranguing that his bliss has turned the Talking Head's powerbar pop into holiday pop. Here, the refreshingly simple techniques of *Little Creatures* have been mimicked to create a drab exercise in conventional songwriting that is motorless and pallid. There is a lackadaisical glow that harnesses the tone of the whole album; even a song like 'Puzzlin' Evidence,' which has all the makings of a great gospel anthem, falls flat, while 'Wild Life' and 'Love For Sale' sound like they're wrapped in protective cellophane.

Whereas *Little Creatures* found Byrne and Co. stepping away from funk excess and into self-realized pure pop, *True Stories* takes no chances. Byrne's metamorphosis from that tight-assed Stevens clone to the proud, lovestruck auteur was once intriguing to watch; now, it seems as if he's drifted into unconsciousness. Don't get me wrong: There's hope yet for Talking Heads, with a new movie to be released and another album apparently on the way. After all, Darren Steven's vacation only lasted a half-hour. Then Samantha turned her mother-in-law into a chicken and everything was okay again.

Dave Bidini

Phil Alvin Unsung Stories Slash/WEA

It doesn't say on the sleeve when this album was recorded but word that Phil Alvin, the Blasters' singer/guitarist, recorded some old tunes with Sun Ra and his Arkestra has been circulating for at least a year. Then rumour had it that Slash didn't like the stuff much, and had no plans to release it.

Here it is. Alvin and Ra join forces for two Cab Coloway tunes and 'Brother Can You Spare a Dime,' the panhandling anthem of the

Depression. What Slash probably didn't like is that the songs are rendered so faithfully to the spirit in which they created, and the manner in which they were originally performed. They sound authentic. There's not a smitheren of camp or showbizzy glitz in evidence (nor of commercial potential). Sun Ra and his band are, as always, loose (not to be confused with sloppy), and it suits the minor-key mood of the songs perfectly. You get the Tonight Show band or some other tight-assed outfit playing this music and it'll sound slick and insufferably corny.

On the rest of the record (one cut with New

London Underground CHRW Compilation Signature/CHRW

It's a cultural phenomenon which begs explanation and which this album best articulates.

THIS IS A PLUG

From what dearth do these fine, young bands arise—yellow brick houses of suburban malaise? Migratory academics beating a path to Law, Med., and Business school heaven? The inspirational crux of life at Dundas and Richmond?

A SHAMELESS ONE AT THAT

Culled from an active bar SCENE, the 11 bands chosen for this compilation and their selected tracks provide an accurate barometric reading of the temperature of London Ontario in 1986. Produced by CHRW, they've put their money (a healthy budget) where their mouths ('alternative programming') have been all these years.

LEND THEM YOUR EARS

Names like Lifeless Currents and Condo Christ should become as familiar to you as Sheep Look Up and Itsa Skitsa. Like the rest of the bands on this album, they're local faves.

BUY IT FOR THE COVER ART ALONE.

Highlights include the harmonies of Planet People's 'Bad Boy', the deadpan intro of Nosmo King Jr.'s 'City of Faith', the tempo kick-up in October Crisis' 'PCB', and the glass trash ending of Condo Christ's 'Weekend Alcoholic.'

IT'S CHEAPER THAN A TRAIN TICKET TO LONDON.

Difficult to believe, then, that some of these bands, most notably Suffer Machine and Lifeless Currents, are even better live.

SO TAKE THE BUS INSTEAD.

Helen Lee

Orleans' Dirty Dozen Brass Band, one with Alvin and a fiddler, one with a guitar-bass-drums band, three with just Alvin's voice and guitar) Alvin is equally respectful of tradition in handling a varied menu of musical Americana. Occasionally you get the feeling he's being just a bit too reverential, particularly when he picks out licks on the solo numbers that duplicate perfectly either ragtime or delta blues styles. But every so often, it's nice to find someone with Alvin's integrity dusting the archives.

Tim Powis

Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners Crazy Date Pipeline

Whether or not you lament that the stone has rolled back on the rockabilly resurrection (I don't), *Crazy Date* is one hard album to dislike. The Hardrock Goners do their rockabilly upright by opting for a lazy, rustic feel instead of the high-tech, echo-spectrum perfection of the Top Cats, the Spayed Cats, the Clawless Cats, all those cats who crawled back into oblivion with their tails between their legs.

That doesn't mean Ray Condo is a stuffed-shirt purist. Name another rockabilly band in the genre's first or second coming with a full-time fiddler. Good idea, too. His lilting solos and hoedown accompaniment relieve the plunkety guitar monotony that infects so much rockabilly. Ray's singing has a gritty, slightly demented, Lux Interior-ish quality devoid of the hiccupy goofiness of all those later-day, would-be Gene Vincents. And the guitarist sounds as if he likes Duane Eddy and his surf progeny as much as Scotty Moore.

The best songs are the title cut, a real cool strut sung by Ray in a conspiratorially lewd groan, and 'Pocketful of Rainbows,' a schlocky make-out ballad with hokey, heavenly strings. Try this line out on your fave babe sometime: "Got a pocketful of rainbows, got an armful of you." If she doesn't swoon, Ray will refund you the price of the record.

Tim Powis



Dagmar Krause Supply & Demand Hannibal

Last year, Hal Wilner rounded up a diverse assortment of jazz and rock people to assemble *Lost in The Stars*, a tribute album to Kurt Weill.

This year Dagmar Krause, a committed weird interpreter who stole *Lost in The Stars* with her rendition of 'Surabaya Johnny,' keeps the fire going by fanning the flames from a different angle. The Wilner album gave us Weill during his association with Bertolt Brecht and afterwards, when the composer fled Germany for the greener (and safer) pastures of the U.S. and fit his tunes to less politically provocative lyrics. *Supply and Demand* contains nothing but music written for Brecht, not only by Weill but also by Hans Eisler, Brecht's later and less famous collaborator (Weill's tunes tend to have more "hooks.")

'Surabaya Johnny'—one of the most beautiful tunes ever written—shows up again, instrumentally dominated, as is the whole album, by Jason Osborn's Weimar piano but unobtrusively fleshed out with horns, strings and Richard Thompson's subdued liquid guitar—and Krause sounds even more anguished than before.

The only other songs here with which I was previously acquainted are 'Alabama Song' (which the Doors did on their first album) and



Everything But the Girl
Baby The Stars Shine Bright
 WEA
Cowboy Junkies
Whites of Earth Now
 Subcanus

EBTG's *Baby The Stars Shine Bright*, is a wonderful record. Tracey Thorn's voice is simply gorgeous, wafting into every nook and cranny of the song and your heart. Towering, lush overtures lilt and march, making this more than just ambience for your time alone. You will listen attentively, and like Indian summers, it will make you feel good all over. Wake up to it; your disposition will appreciate it.



And when you're ready to call it a night, put on *Whites Off Earth Now*, Cowboy Junkies' debut album. Lazy, surreal, sleazy blues; comfortably weird. Margo Timmins' sweet, infectious drawl brings to mind the hazy, smoky scat singer Ricki Lee Jones. The band (Margo's kin Michael strumming guitar, Peter on drums and bassist Allan Anton) specialize in lounge minimalism, like the superb Young Marble Giants, without the benefit of keyboards. The Junkies nearly sink in their own swamp: it gets very overbearing, this mood music, and a complete lack of diversity is a bad sign for a debut album. But their tense strains are subtle, they can soothe a hardened heart and this is very unique, absorbing music. An impressive debut.

Nancy Lanthier

SHORT & SWEET

by Kyle Swanson

The Human League
Crash
 Virgin

Jimmy Jam and Terry (The Time) Lewis have tried with limited success to funk up Phil Oakey et al. But "there are no sequencers on this record," which is a shame, considering how they play. The fold-out cover depicts the truly excruciating lyrics "Love is the real thing, la la la la," printed in full 20 times. Holy shit. Wait, I take back the holy.

Helen Terry
Blue Notes
 Virgin

Think of Alison Moyet with a lot less soul. Despite the cameo presence of such talents as Stanley Clarke, Anne Dudley (Art of Noise), and producer Don Was (Not Was), *Blue Notes* is a healthy helping of glitter and slick, with barely a smidgen of emotion or meaningful lyrics. Any cut could be any other. Less notes and more blues, please.

Beat Rodeo
Home In the Heart of The Beast
 IRS

On the one hand; the songs are pleasant, well-crafted, melodic foot-tappers. The playing and singing are fine, and it's not horribly pre-fab.

On the other hand: that's all it is. It doesn't exceed anything already existing in the all-too-burgeoning country-pop-rock genre. The Rain-makers and J.C. Mellonhead do the same thing as well or better. There's just no fire in this record, and fire is the only thing that separates the wheat from the chaff in this field.

Spend your shekels on Mojo Nixon on Hank Williams.

The Escape Club
White Fields
 EMI

Amalgamate Simple Minds and U2 (in their present post-classic phases) and you've produced the Escape Club. Not a bad disc at all, *White Fields* has some real punch and interesting arrangements of texture. Heavily echoed guitars, smooth harmonies, synth frills, solid two-four percussion, and semi-abstract lyrics put it exactly midway between the aforementioned Banks of Scotland and Ireland. I'd bet on mega video exposure for these dudes. Look for them in overcoats, bomber jackets, and way-too-neat long hair. Say, that would make them a cross between...

Paul Simon
Graceland
 Warner Bros.

Simon and Garfunkel were perhaps the most depressing outfit ever to cut a dirge, Joy Division included. Regardless, that does nothing to erase Paul Simon's reputation as the thinking man's wimp, a reputation he's had fifteen years to refine.

Simon has experimented with ethnic music before: he went to Jamaica to record with Toots and the Maytals in 1971, well before other white pop stars made tentative steps to rip off reggae, but nothing prepared me for *Graceland*, as sensitive and intelligent a collaboration with an African musical form as any North American could conceive.

Made even more courageous by adopting a South African musical style—Mbanga, or "township jive"—Simon has become quite the hero. It's not that he's changed his concerns lyrically (we're still talking about white urban male neurosis), but Simon has matched the light-hearted gallop of his backing group with equally playful twists of phrasing. The sarcasm in some lines doesn't hit for many moments, and then only with an appreciative grin, all malice (quite) evaporated.

Clever enough to use actual South African musicians on the album, and skillful enough to adapt his songwriting to the sound that inspired him, Simon even swallowed his ego and let acapella group Ladysmith Black Mambaza rewrite most of "Homeless," the closest Simon gets to politics on *Graceland*. This is without a doubt the most moving track on the album, effortless in its execution and deceptively simple in construction.

In terms of innovation, novelty and curiosity, *Graceland* is an interesting record, but the intelligence with which Simon has brought off what clearly has to be his best solo effort, may make it the best release by a major label this year.

Never would have expected it of old rhymin' Simon, that's for sure.

Rick McGinnis

Rythm Twins

Freedom
Freelance

We've Got A Fuzzbox
and We're Going To Use It
Rules & Regulations
 WEA

Both these bands have tall hair. But one goes bip bop thump slap, and the other goes ftweee onnnnggg CLAAANNNGGG. This contrast bespeaks profound philosophical differences for which all of humanity can be thankful.

The former, Toronto duo Rythm Twins, come to us for some reason on a Swedish record label. Those wacky Swedes! Not only is the music on this EP straight-jacketed by the pop-pop-fizz-fizz of instruments programmed rather than played, the lyrics are strikingly foolish as well. On the other hand, the singer (who, to be fair, sings rather well) has this terrific French accent. In combination with the dreadful clichés she has to sing, this almost pushes the whole project into the frosty Euro-banalities that made Abba so great.

We've Got A Fuzzbox, etc., are an all-girl garageadela band from Birmingham, England. The A-side of this EP has cute pics of the girls etched into the vinyl. This gimmick is redeemed by the fact that one of the girls is depicted as a turnip with a quiff. Once all the members of Fuzzbox admit their close and abiding affinity to root vegetables, this will truly be a band to fear. Actually, they do a more than creditable take on this sort of electrocuted music. The guitars crash and clatter, the thumps are appropriately meaty, and the lyrics, while largely unintelligible, are yelled most engagingly. Rather good if you like that sort of thing, but perhaps they might improve by cleaning up the production a bit. More a matter of potential than achievement, really, but any band with a song named "AARRRGHHH!" on their debut EP can only have a fruitful career ahead.

Ivan Astikoff

The Lover Speaks
The Lover Speaks
 A&M

Exquately produced by Jimmy Iovine, *The Lover Speaks* is disturbingly likeable. It makes no pretense about being pretentious, and all ten tunes are pure love song pop—but state of the art. TLS is David Freeman and Joseph Hughes, who understand this type of music. A vocal hook here, a sweeping melody there, and soon you're humming and smiling and thinking of sunsets. A supremely good make-out record, *The Lover Speaks* is rare, stellar pop music.

I know—I can't believe I wrote that either.

Severed Heads
Come Visit the Big Bigot
 Nettwerk/Capitol

Yeah! Finally, it's an IMMORTAL NEW RECORD! The Heads have come through big, fulfilling the promise of their "Dead Eyes Opened," EP. This is dance music with intellect, great riffs variously stretched and distorted and weirded out. Compelling and challenging, the whole album fascinates. Think of Cabaret Voltaire doing "Revolution No. 9" produced by Pink Floyd.

This is surely one of the year's best.

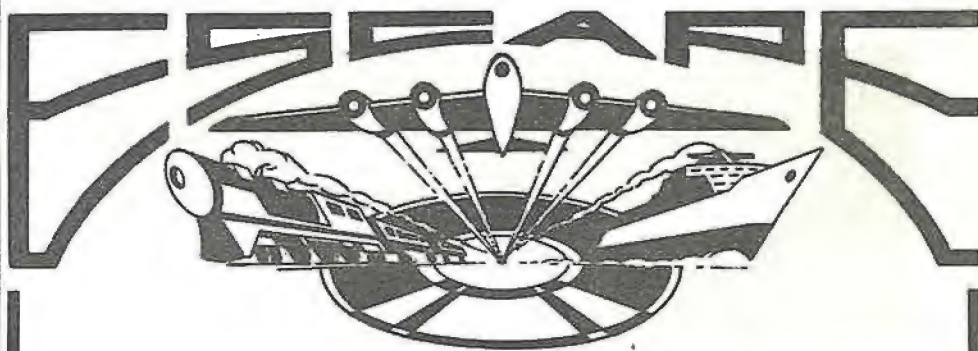
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"OUTSTANDING LONG-PLAYING VINYL DEBUT"—JOHN GRIFFIN, THE GAZETTE.
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The Three Johns
The World by Storm
 Abstract Import
Billy Bragg
Levi Stubbs Tears
 PolyGram/Go Discs

Coming from a Catholic family, we never talked sex at the dinner table, but we always seemed to talk politics. Rock'n'roll must be the opposite of Catholicism because it spends most of its time talking about sex and finds politics quite distasteful. Perhaps that's why I like rock'n'roll so much.

The Three Johns like talking about politics, and they also seem to like rock'n'roll. They must, because this is a damn nice rock'n'roll album. Strange, because the Three Johns are flag-waving, card-carrying, Yank-hating reds, English variety, which means that their colour comes more from lager swilled in industrial Leed's corner pubs with the doled out and the laid off than from any ideological studiosness.

Getting back to the meat, the record *rocks*. Important point. The lyrics (quite clever, really, and not all *that* pinko for all that) are fairly indecipherable. Fine by me, really, though I expect the effect is that it'll all soak into my noggin after the first hundred spins, after which I'll read the lyric sheet like the Bible. Aye, comrades.

Another in a long line of political blokes is Mr. Bragg, he of the cockney accent so thick you could cut it with a sickle. Billy's politics are generally easier to take, as he has a wondrous time with the pop hook, pines like the most furious romantic half the time, and articulates himself so well on the other half.

Billy the romantic pines for the majority of this EP. The title track is a wonder, a perfect pop anthem, the pristine bare bones of something that might make the radio if B.B. were more than a one-man band. While the sleeve promises a version of the Left Banke's "Walk Away Renee," covered for all time by the Four Tops, Billy uncovers it, strumming the chords on an acoustic while telling us the pithy tale of another one of his aborted romances. Political Bill sings a capella (with himself, dar is) on "I Don't Need This Pressure Ron," a pun-infested justification of his adamant politicism.

"Think Again" is great. A supremely logical and ultimately naive set of lyrics ("Do you think that the Russians want war? These are the sons of the parents that died in the last one.") are couched in brilliant production, as Bragg strums, beats, taps, and coaxes layers of sound out of one guitar. The rest of the disc is fine—what sounds like a leftover from his first EP, a live version of "Between The Wars,"—but makes me anxious for an upcoming album, in which Bragg finally gives in to his music hall roots, apparently; a track released on NME's free EP had him bawling away at a clunky pianola.

More listening for the long wait till the tanks come rolling in. More vodka!

Rick McGinnis



Billy Bragg — Chris Buck



SINGLED OUT

Swedish Fish

How Can You Sleep At Night
 Bullseye

Four-song EP, half of which I love. "Who Is God?" is a magnificent Young Marble Giants echo, deceptively high-spirited until the sadness knocks you back; girl can't figure out what's wrong, wonders if she says the right prayers, finally asks "who is God, and why is he doing this to me?"

Bolero Lava

Move a Groove/Dance and Be Happy
 Lava Rock

Singer Vanessa bears an uncanny resemblance to Lorraine Segato, not a virtue from my vantage point. Singles are supposed to grab you—three times through, and "not without idiosyncratic appeal" is the best I can camouflage my distance from this.

The Pursuit of Happiness

I'm an Adult Now

Without the funny video, the cynicism deadens this for me. "She's So Young," the flip, is equally condescending ("she doesn't have to question herself like I do," says the world-weary singer) but at least the airy harmonies make it seem warmer.

The Dundrells

Nothing on T.V./Still, I Run
 dun 002

Finally saw them play live, and thought they were great—far closer to pop than garage. The translation here isn't entirely successful; the sludgy production is more distracting than liberating, and Garry Welsh's singing strikes me as slightly affectations. I love their melodies, though, and their concerns: "guess there's nothing on TV/guess you'll have to look at me."

Scott Campbell

I'm Saving Myself for Angela Cartwright/The Gates (of Hell)
 Nebula Records

Don't get much out of either side, except a hoot; when he forbodingly intones Count Floyd-style about sitting outside the gates of hell, I giggle every time.

A Picture Made

God Loves a Hell of a Man
 Beam

The great thing about singles is how much emotion can be packed into one. Strong resemblance to Change of Heart, but with less murk and more hook—beginning with a hypnotic guitar riff that sounds new even though you've heard it a thousand times before. Why aren't more people writing pop songs about God?

Soft War

Ruins/Stay
 Rude

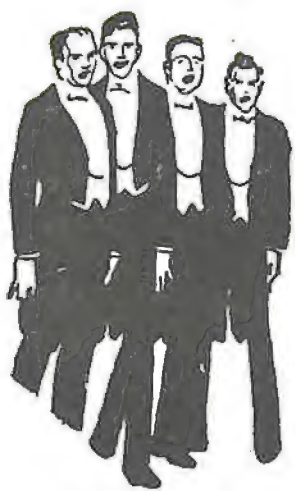
I keep drawing comparisons, but that's the best way to get a line on a three-minute single...this is the Smiths at their mid-tempo breeziest and most shamelessly mush-brained: "For I think love betters with time." Phraseology like that just doesn't belong on a 45.

Shadrock

DJ
 Triple Seven

Believe me, after seven instances of 80's knowingness, a throwaway soul single passes for a window on the world. By way of "Having a Party," and Billy Bragg, this is "Sam Cooke's Tears;" "Hey DJ, please play my favorite song/Hey DJ, I know you won't let me down."

PHIL DELLIO



Ron Sexmith

There's a Way

The most obvious, pleasant thing about this tape is the guitar, which always stands out and drives these pieces. Sexsmith's voice, sincere, soulful and gentle comes from the Dylan/Lightfoot school of romanticism. Through his soft-focus vision, he writes songs that are moody, loving, sentimental, without activating mode. Instrumentally, the music on this 12-song cassette is constantly surprising, shifting from hard folk to spiritual to East Indian mysticism to the soft ballad. Produced and arranged by Kurt Swinghammer, "There's A Way" spares us the maudlin while providing the charm and wistfulness of a number nice things I can think of.

56 Seymour Ave, St. Catharines, Ont. L2P 1A7

Sex Artists

Jumping the great guitar wagon from south of the border, the Sex Artists must have hit a rut in the road and fallen on their heads.

Acoustic guitar dominates and if not for those dang lyrics it would be almost pleasing. Forced and irksome, these three songs are about love found, lost, squelched and pureed. Muddy, romantic cynicism with jangly guitar and a silly name.

18 Donway E., Ste.607, Don Mills, Ont. M3C 1X9.

CASSETTERA

Ikons

Demo

Love can be a pisser, but don't worry, we have the Ikons. Barriers do not exist with this fine Toronto band. Early '70s rock, some slow psychedelia and how about the fuzz on that guitar? GRRRR. The pain of love runs amok, with plenty of humour and irony; the pleasure of a good fight, hurt me, persecute me, let me hang off the end of your chain. Violent Femmes and the Meat Puppets collide on a lost freeway. The distinctive wail of John Critchley is sardonic, clear, grating and appealing; a pubescent Lou Reed or a subdued Pete Shelly come to mind. Meat and potatoes-music for a high anxiety society.

986A Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont. M5R 3G6

Darren Copeland

The Three Faces

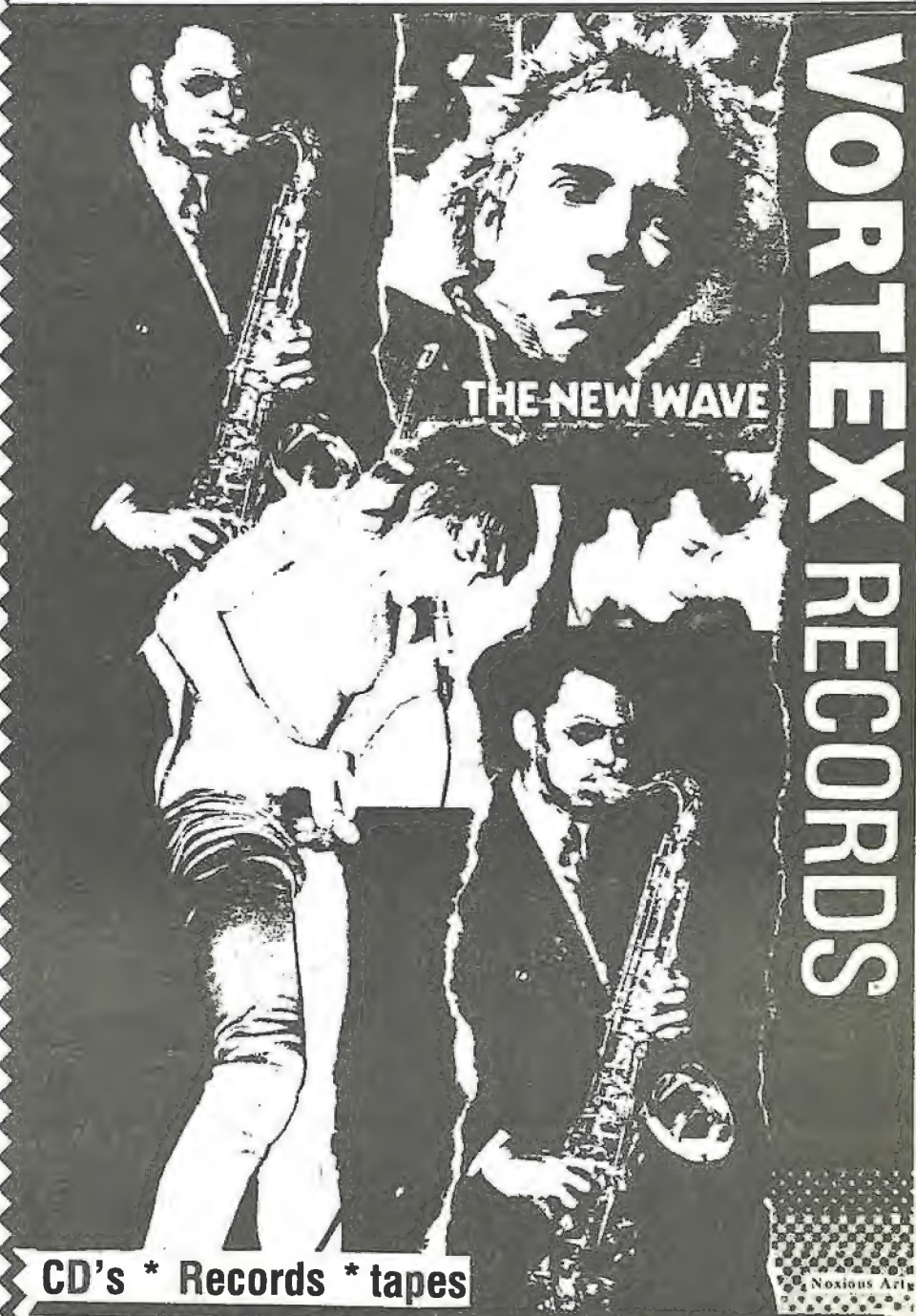
The progression and maturity (in both quality and clarity) from Copeland's previous releases is remarkable on this, his third tape. Copeland adds an exciting new dimension and vitality to tape manipulation; he stretches, loops, delays, and scrambles, providing a lush, vibrating landscape of sound. There is a dream quality to Copeland's music; the title track seems harmless, with throbbing percussion and zaps of synth, but enter the voices of your worst ordeals. Haunting and abusive, the moans of a male and female resound, fade away and leap back at you out of the dark. Unpredictable, thoughtful and entrancing. He is a major talent.

A better record stores in the city or 1588 Spring Road, Mississauga, Ont. L5J 1N3.

Antimatter

Synth, drum machine, and guitars march through my speakers, through the sludge of trite lyrics mating with the prerequisite whining quality of the vocalist only to blow up in my face as flavorless electro-pop.

Myke Dyer



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First of all, you got to understand that Mojo Nix-on is a **WILDMAN**, a Southern white-trash shitkickin' rock'n'roll animal in the fine tradition of that Presley boy.

I mean, this guy hoy-hoys de elektrik blooze about meeting 'Jesus at McDonald's at Midnight,' which leads to a vision of the entire Robert Johnson/John Lee Hooker/Muddy Waters record collection stretched out against the sky. 'Mushroom Manic' finds Mojo sniffing cow turds at 4 a.m. in an altered state, and then discussing it with the Leader of the Un-free Cow World.

His second album, *Frenzy*, is even better. 'The Amazing Bigfoot Diet' is composed entirely of headlines from the *Weekly World News*; 'Stuffin' Martha's Muffin' attacks MTV's stupidest VeeJay, Martha Quinn, and gives Mojo the chance to indulge in a series of vocal craps, snap-ples, and bops unlike anything this side of Screamin' Jay Hawkins.

It sounds wild, too. Mojo plays sludgy guitar boogie and sings in a series of yowls, howls, and yaaaarghs. Behind him, Skid Roper plays *The Stick*—not the hi-tech two-by-four that Tony Levin farts about with. It's a shovel handle tied to a washboard, with some bells and bonkers attached; Skid bashes it into the ground.

Sure, Mojo's obnoxious, scatological, sexist, silly-ass; that description also fits most rock 'n' roll. Southener Mojo has that Confederate knack for telling long winded yarns and tall tales that go on forever. It's the sort of bullshit that gets to some bull-truth, y'know?

While we talked before he opened for the Pogues at RPM, Pogue rogue Spider Stacey walked by and said, "Mojo Nixon is a fucking GENIUS!"

Mojo held forth with boundless energy and good humour, a filthy but funny line of horsemanure, and a heavy rasp. There's no possible way to transfer his voice to the printed page: It shifts from deep-south cracker growl 'n' grunt to refined foo-foo to Tom Waits' stumble-mumble.

Religion and Lawnmowing

I grew up with very religious parents, and my mother was virtually nutty about it. I was forced to go to church every Sunday. They had this great rule at our house: "Ya wanna eat, ya go ta church; Ya wanna eat, ya mow da grass."

Being proud of the lawn was a heavy Southern, suburban thing. It was like, "Mah lawn looks lahk a gawlf green, mutha-fucka. Yo' lawn ain't nuthin' but weeds. Nyeah-nyeah, nyeah-nyeah-nyeah!" It's fuckin' crazy.

Southern Religion

The whole Southern religion thing is: You go crazy and fuck everybody and beat everybody up on Saturday night, and then Sunday you go to church and go, "Oh Lawd, please fo'give me, ah'll never do it agin! Hep me Jesus, hep me, hep me!"

Mojo's Dog Flint

He was the world's greatest dog, man. He lived to be 17. Got run over about eight times but he wouldn't die. Even got shot by

Tall tales from the deep SOUTH

some evil John Birch Society-ku Klux Klan-neo Nazis who lived downtown.

Why Flint Was Attacked

My father ran this black radio station, WILA (in Danville, Virginia). It was pretty heavy with my father working there, a white man and all. People burned stuff in our back yard—that was kind of exciting—but I never really understood the whole deal.

Mojo's Weirdest Drug Experience

You know how you eat pot brownies? Cook 'em in there? Well, you eat 'em, and nothin' happens for a hour. So then you git bored an you eat the rest. Which is a big mistake.

Anyway, me and a friend went off to see big-time wrestling. People were yellin' so loud we thought it was Beethoven. We were standin' there goin' "Yaaaaaaah!" I tried to get in the ring but they restrained me. I was yellin' "You guys are nuthin' but a bunch 'a fat ol' PIGS!"

During half-time they interviewed me and my friend. You should'a seen us on TV! We had these grins that looked like we just ate all the shit in the world.

They asked my friend, "Well, d'you think it's fake?"

And he goes "FAKE! WHAT KIND OF UN-AMERICAN IDEA IZ-ZAT? HAH! FAKE? This is a GREAT allegory of existence! You got the GOOD guys, the BAD guys"—then he looks at me—"and the UGLY guys! Shakespearean drama at the highest!"

We got in a car wreck on the way there, so we had to walk home. Freezin' cold, passing out, precious bodily fluids spewing out'a our mouths. It was a wild time.

On Sounding Like George Thorogood

WAH? WAH? THAT LITTLE WEASEL! He's been FOLLOWIN' me around, STEALIN' my ideas, FOR YEARS! He hasn't got a BRAIN of his OWN! He comes over to my house and says 'Mojo, show me everything you know.' I show him how to howl: I say "YEEEEEEEEAAAAHH!" I used to hear him, he lived down the street, and he'd be walkin' along goin' (softly, like Dylan) "Yeeeah. Yeah." I said "No, George: YEEEEEEEEAAAAHH!!!"

Mojo's Weirdest Sexual Experience

I was approached by Hustler

magazine to write this thing for their *Comic Relief* column. So I figured I can write the most de-ranked pig-fuckin' sex shit I can think of, right? And I did! I wrote about contraception in the 80's—rubbers breakin', and the sponge gettin' stuck, and the diaphragm disappearin'.

The weirdest is in there: One time, I'm with this girl and we got no devices, no rubbers, no jellies, no jams, no peanut butter, nuthin'. So I get this great idea to use a bread loaf wrapper! What ah do is, ah dump de bread out of it, ah cut da thang in half, ah stick de open wrapper on my wacker, then I put a rubber band on it, an' I dip a bunch 'a vaseline on it.

She's lookin' at me funny, but we're both completely revved up, y'know. Been making out for eight hours, or something. Dick is hard enough to cut diamonds by now!

Anyway, I get the whole mess in there, and there's a lotta excess, kinda hanging out. And it's makin' all this NOISE! (makes a sound like spitting up phlegm) CHHKWEAK-CHHKWOOK! CHHKWEAK-CHHKWOOK! I just got to laughin' so hard I almost peed in the dang thing. Rubber band was cuttin' off da circulation to mah dickhead—it was turnin' blue an' everything, so... it didn't work. (pause) She got disgusted

Professor Mojo —Rick McGinnis

and went home.

Why Mojo Doesn't Believe In The Pill

It makes women crazy! Women are so crazy anyway, but they're takin' the pill and then... It's the 23rd day, you both sittin' there watchin' Perry Mason or somethin', and all of a sudden she gets up and screams "I NEVER DID LIKE YOU! And you just look, and go "Je-ee-zus Christ!"

Skid

He's a weirdo, but we're completely different. He likes watching nature shows on TV—bugs fuckin' and shit. He's possessed by collectin' 45s. He don't even search for certain ones—he buys 'em by the bagful. He's got about 20,000—you can't name one he don't have, from 1954 on. And he's a neat freak—makes the beds in the hotel before we leave.

Howard Druckman





LIVE!



Slow — Chris Buck

Ozzy Osbourne
CNE Grandstand

The elevator attendant slouches gloomily on his stool as we ascend to the press gallery. He's been conscripted for clean-up duty after the show and is all too familiar with the kind of stuff the Magnificent Oz followers leave behind.

"Lotta puke?"
"Hah," he snorts, "That's the least of it. Scraping the bodies away really gets ya." As the door opens on the curved corridor that runs behind the press boxes, the elevator fills up with Ozzy's dumbo death din. Grimacing like a condemned man, the attendant hurries us out of his mobile office quickly so he can shut the metallic menace out.

We take our seats in a box filled with what looks like the Jaded Metal Enthusiasts Contingent and spy Ozzy a couple of hundred yards away in a black and gold bumble bee cape, pacing back and forth along the edge of a stage so immense that his three visible band mates look lonely. A mystic dry ice mist wafts heavenward and coloured lights refract through layers of lightly sprinkling rain that baptise the thousands of supplicants below, their fists waving in unison. My Celtic blood stirs in atavistic appreciation.

"We're gonna go fuckin' crazy tonight!" screams Oz, with a notable lack of conviction. He repeats this exhortation (or a variation thereupon, like: "We're pretty fuckin' crazy now, huh?") with mounting desperation after almost every song. But no

amount of POP and beer could numb anyone to the fact that this shag-mopped spudnik is about as crazy as a bank teller.

The band is another story. In a 10-minute solo showcase, the guitarist not only demonstrates his near mastery of the complete Eddie Van Halen lick catalogue, he actually executes a somersault while playing his (cordless) guitar. And the drummer, whose platform spontaneously moves downstage for his solo spot leaves his seat and circumnavigates his entire kit (distance: roughly 75 feet) while continuing to strike it more or less rhythmically.

I go a long way back with Osbourne (Black Sabbath, *Paranoid*—great album) and have been shamefully negligent in keeping up with his post-Sabbatical career. Being brought up to date tonight is a fairly painless reminder that there is a finite number of heavy metal riffs in the universe. (My friend turns to me periodically to point out particularly overused riffs, or that she's heard this song before with different lyrics—hey, mama, that's metal! If you can't stand the repetition, get outta the kitchen.)

Hearing 'Paranoid' and 'Iron Man'—the only vestiges of the ancient Ozzimandian rites that turn up—I feel relieved, then start to chastise myself for taking comfort in the familiar. But everyone on the field is responding by shaking those fists with unprecedented enthusiasm and I realize that no one forges such durable metal as Sabbath any more. Least of all Ozzy Osbourne.

Tim Powis

Slow
Lee's Palace

I suppose it's Slow's turn to get a bit of healthy notoriety into their sap. Three out of five Nerve writers (the same three, incidentally, who prove their alleged loss of virginity in the most dubious and painfully public ways imaginable) in attendance at Slow's first show here (opening for the crucial Soul Asylum at RPM) claim these Slow pokes as of the same hardy breed as themselves, and bark the praises of the Vancouver band in monosyllabic grunts (in keeping with their prosaic twaddle in this fine paper), accompanied by limb spasms affirmations of their loyalty to rock gesticulations, not seen since Ted Nugent whacked his wang dang doodle or whatever on Don Kirshner's Rock Circus in the late '30s.

Slow are the perfect rock 'n' roll band for those too old for Ozzy, too bored with Husker Du, too stupid for Henry Kaiser or Fred Frith, too drunk to fuck, too slow to escape.

Speaking of Punk Rock with Purpose and a Wild Dude Singer and Great Meaty Hunks Of Van Halen Chords, I think it was that man Druckman who steered me away from my conviction that Slow were not very interesting, when he spluttered into my ear, "Remember B.T.O...no, April

Wine? They fuckin' said it, man, I LIKE TO ROCK...I LIKE TO ROCK! They fuckin' said it, man...remember Pagliaro?" His 'gang' of Spanky lookalikes drooled their agreement.

Now, I've 'rocked' in the past, and I will no doubt 'rock' again. Tonight, oblivious of Slow but allowing them the benefit of the doubt, I 'rocked hard.' So hard, in fact, that I found myself 'rockin' and rollin' all night', and made a resolution that I would 'party every day.'

And in his charming inebriation, Druckman reminded me why we creepy critics were here in the first place: kitchsk-a, or whatever that stuff is. This is very premise of Slow: boil down the bones of every rock phenomenon (and Slow are, in some small way, phenomenological), and you find a clinically precise rendition of the worst and the most heinous of performance clichés.

Slow cram these devices up our butts because they know we haven't suffered through this type of rawwk music for a long time, and they know they play the game bloody well.

As Graffiti ed. Aristotle Sutherland pointed out during one hard rocking number, "Fuckin' A." To which I could only add: "Right on, Al. It's great to be back in diminishing motor-function city!"

rude dude

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Screaming Blue Messiahs

RPM

Some kind of musical elite assembled for some kind of secular confirmation. Three men (they looked kind of old) mounted the stage. But looking askance, there was no pomp, no ceremony.

Looking at Bill Carter, both Peter Garrett and Barry Andrews (facile, yes, but the shorn head is a powerfully evocative image), as well as the Holocaust, chemotherapy treatment, and Chernenko come to mind (forget the last three; this is a music paper, damn it, not Socialist Worker).

But what's Carter singing about if not specific social ills, perverse morality, and a deviant humanistic impulse that drop kicks normal, rational behaviour right out of this decade.

And like Midnight Oil and Shriekback, their sonic aggression becomes palpably livid during live performance. Their energy and intensity, the standard yardstick at your standard R&R&B gig, blow the cavernous, half-filled pit of sound meisters to echo heaven.

'Twin Cadillac Valentine' and 'Wild Blue Yonder' attest to the demonic possession of drummer Kenny Harris. He whips the frenzied rhythm into the punctuating rivets of Carter's weapon.

Carter barks, aims, fires. But you're already gone because they claimed that hour and a half when they, three old men, mounted the stage.

Helen Lee



Screaming Bill Carter —Heather Blurton

Perfect World

Copa

Some people think popular music is on its last legs. Soon there will be no more new concepts; every riff, every lyric will have already been used, rewritten, rejigged, stretched, turned backwards, upsidown, inside out or stuffed through a cuisinart. Having recycled itself until there's nothing left, pop music will die of exhaustion.

The redundancy of pop is painfully evident in the majority of bands the Canadian Industry enlists. Perfect World is a Signed band. Dismally little differentiates this Nice Group from any other innocuous band you've put up with since New Wave reared its laquered head.

Not that Perfect World are necessarily derivative—you can't really say they sound like a cross between Allison Moyet and an electro-Blondie—it's just that P.W. have exactly the same threadbare ideas as any chart topper you could name (and indeed, this band is "good" enough to be on top of the charts, and they look like they could afford the rent up there). The idea being: To make safe, commercial music aimed at a non-questioning audience, to make New Wave without making waves.

Perfect World's pop is so clean it makes me want to take a bath. The whole band remind me of a toothpaste commercial. Though each nicely-crafted song rings different from the last, when it's over, it all turns bland, like a Harvey's milkshake, and I can't hum you one tune. Far too confectionary, and hardly reactionary. Diane Bos' lyrics are thin and watery, like bean shoots.

Everyone here is a perfect musician. They have their pop down pat. But it's 1986 and this is Toronto; hardly a perfect world. There are already TOO MANY NICE POP BANDS. Without a trace of incongruity, Perfect World have about as much chance of getting a real audience outside of this country as Chalk Circle, or their precursors, Spoons and Parachute Club.

Nancy Lanthier



Perfect World —Heather Blurton

The Raunch Hands

RPM

These boys look and sound exactly the way you'd expect anyone who comes up with songs called 'Do the Whapadang' and 'Chicken of the Sea' to look and sound. Sartorically, physically and musically, they're the sludgiest group of wasted, beat up post-adolescent American scumbags since the early Stooges to blow black greasy fumes along the turnpike.

They sound like they learned to play by listening to scratchy copies of old Rolling Stones, Kingsmen and Surfari records that their older brothers long ago consigned to the attic as best-forgot emblems of misspent youth. The short, stocky guitarist jumped up and down a lot and seemed to be trying hard to land on his feet. The tall one looked too messed up to walk. The singer was the only rock and roll guy I've ever seen who wears ripped jeans because he can't afford, or be bothered, to buy new ones. They played CCR's 'Commotion,' The Trashmen's 'Tub City,' and originals based on 18th-generation blues riffs that were marinated in a vat of rancid Old Milwaukee.

So where were you?

Tim Powis

Seven Sisters

The Rivoli

It's tempting to judge the merits of this happenin' Montreal band by drawing attention to their liberal use, and near-reliance on The Eternal Groove. The EG generally consists of a funky backbone, an effusive sense of dignified embellishment, groovy tunes, the ubiquitous double percussion break, and a bassist who never needs to actually look at what he's playing.

Let's give the eight people in Seven Sisters credit for attempting to infuse some personality into their warm, sensible version of the EG.

I was expecting a kind of wet Socialist ska, but the Sisters' sound is upright, uptight, dramatic (for moments) and rather cool: like the more lucrative moments of the Gang Of Four, but best suited to a minor venue.

But an evil producer could very easily have this group sounding like The Parachute Club. All the elements are there: Ethnocentric, repressively 'eighties' songs with 'love' and 'futility' in the same breath, ideally situated alongside such recognizable status symbols as berets, sleeveless shirts, spectacles, female backing singers...Hey; don't knock it. In Calgary this would be a threatening situation!

rude dude



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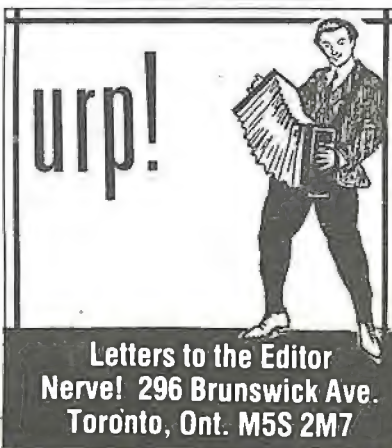
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Sun 14:
TEA FOR TEN
Mon & Tues 15-16:
PHANTOMS
Wed & Thurs 17-18:
JACK DEKEYZER BAND
Fri & Sat 20-21:
GAS MONEY & CIGARETTES
Sun 22:
TOO MUCH TOO SOON
Mon & Tues 23-25:
JACK DEKEYZER BAND
Wed 27:
THE BENDERS
Thur 28:
NATIONALS
Fri & Sat 29-1:
ROMANIAN BROTHERS
Lower East Side
9: **JOHNNY TRASH**
10:
TOO MUCH TOO SOON
11: **NOSMOKING JR**
17-18: **HEADHUNTERS**
23: **MIDNIGHT SHIFT**
24:
ABSOLUTE WHORES
25: **RANG TANGO**
30: **JOHNNY TRASH**
31-1:
PIECE OF MY HEART

Rivoli

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Tues. 7:
Kids in the Hall
Thur. 9:
The Ikons, The Lawn
Fri. 10:
Change of Heart, Scott B. Symphony
Minimalist Jug Band
Sat. 11:
Company Town, First Man Over
Tues. 14:
Kids in the Hall
Wed. 15:
Poetry Sweatshop w/ Liam Lacey
Thurs. 16:
D.V.P., Gotham City
Fri. 17:
One of One
Sat. 18:
Shadowy Men's 2nd Anniversary
Wed. 22-25:
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6
Eddie B Birthday Blues Bash
no cover


7-8
Jeffery Hatcher & the Big Beat
no cover

9-11
Mondo Combo


13-18
Joanne Mackell
& The Yahoos
no cover mon-wed



20-25
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OCT. 11
LEE'S
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WHAT'S SHAKIN'



Lee's
REG HARTT: Cabana Cafe
JEFFERY HATCHER: Clinton's til Wed
BENDERS: Pinetree til Wed
HOPPING PENGUINS: BamBoo

Wednesday 8

GARBAGEMEN: Cameron
Paul Quarrington, Crad Kilodney,
Mark Laba, Stuart Ross,
David Gilmour: Rivoli
MORGAN DAVIS: Horseshoe
PERFECT WORLD: Bamboo
FRANKIE VENOM & THE VIPERS
CHEEPSKATES, VIV AKAUDREN: RPM
I.C.U./3RD MAN IN: Cabana
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella til Sat
BILLY NEWTON DAVIS: Diamond
GAS MONEY & CIGARETTES,
FLASHBACK BLUE: Lee's
SCOTT MERRITT: Queen's University
UKASE: Key West

Thursday 9

MONDO COMBO: Clinton's til Sat
JOE KING CARRASCO: Bamboo
THE IKONS, THE LAWN: Rivoli
GUITAR MIKEY: Pinetree til Sat
CARLTON VAUGHN: Cameron
GRANNY'S GUMS: Key West
JOHNNY ONSLAUGHT, WAS IST LOS,
SARIN/VX, SUN ZOOM SPARK: Lee's
HUNGRY GLASS, WILD ANIMAL LUX-
URY,
PRETTY GREEN, DARREN COPELAND:
Lee's Upstairs
SCOTT MERRITT: Horseshoe til Sat
CHALK CIRCLE, PERFECT WORLD: Dia-
mond
PHANTOM BUFFALOS, ORCHESTRA
PAAVOLA:
Cabana

Friday 10

NEUROTICS: Key West
HERATIX: Cabana
CHANGE OF HEART, MINIMALIST JUG
BAND,
SCOTT B: Rivoli
COMPASS: Bamboo til Sat
THE HEADHUNTERS: Black Swan til Sat
THE LAWN: Cameron
PHANTOMS: Club International
TOO MUCH TOO SOON: Isabella Lower
DIREKTIVE 17: Lee's
THE RED: Lee's Upstairs
MARCIA BALL: Albert's Hall

Saturday 11

UKASE & THE UNDECIDED: Key West
ZEBRA PEOPLE: Cameron
SCOTT MERRITT: Queen's U., Kingston
THE HEADHUNTERS: Black Swan
GUITAR MIKEY: Pinetree
COMPANY TOWN, FIRST MAN OVER:
Rivoli
WASHINGTON SQUARES: Lee's
HOPPING PENGUINS: Lee's
L.M.O.TV/LAUGHING APPLES: Cabana
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella Lower
NOSMO KING JR.: Isabella
MONDO COMBO: Clinton's
MARCIA BALL: Albert's Hall
BACKSTREET: Solitaire's
DANNY MARKS: Grossman's

Sunday 12

BAD SIGN: Isabella
HYSTERIC NEUROTICS: Key West
THE CARTWRIGHTS: Grossman's
Blues Jam, Talent Showcase: Lee's
HARRISON KENNY: Solitaires

Monday 13

PROFESSOR PIANO & THE ROCKIN
DELTOIDS: Albert's Hall til Sat
THE PHANTOMS: Horseshoe til Tues
HEATHER KATZ: Solitaire's til Sat
STRETCH MARKS: Black Swan til Tues

Monday 6
BLUE MONDAY: Cameron
FRED'S BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP: Rivoli
STRETCH MARX: Black Swan til Tues
THE VISITORS: Isabella til Tues
DANNY MARKS: Grossman's til Sat
MARCIA BALL: Albert's Hall til Sat
DIGITALK, THE BARBARA LYNCH
BAND,
THE TOUCH: Lee's
ILLUSTRATED MEN: Lee's Upstairs til Wed
MORGAN DAVIS: Horseshoe til Wed
HOPPING PENGUINS: Bamboo til Tues
HANK WALSH Blues Jam: Pinetree
EDDY B'S BIRTHDAY: Clinton's
BACK STREET: Solitaire's til Sat

Tuesday 7
THE NAILS, THE RINGING: Diamond
MIKE WESTBROOK TRIO: Music Gallery
RIVER STREETBAND: Copa
SNAKE FAILING HIS TAIL: Cameron
KIDS IN THE HALL: Rivoli
MARTIAN INVASION, TEA FOR TEN:

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critics does it take to
screw in a lightbulb? Heh?
400! One to screw it in
and 399 to argue
whether the bulb
is new or not!



Hey! What's a matter?
Is David Byrne
here or some-
thing? Dig!
why did
the rock
critic cross
the road,
eh? yeah?
Gmon!
why did
the rock
critic cross
the road?



Because he wanted
everybody to think he
was the first to get to
the other side!



Gak!

Ker-
BLAM!!



And now, a brief word from an opposing viewpoint

Hey man, like there's nothing
in the least bit funny
about violence. Haven't we
had enough? Like how can
we put an end to war'n
shit if we let violence
into our daily livesman?

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clubs

FLYING DEBRIS: Grossman's til Wed
HOCK WALSH Blues Jam: Pinetree
GRAPES OF WRATH: Lee's
ILLUSTRATED MEN: Lee's til Wed
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron
JOANNE MACKELL & THE YAHOO'S:
Clinton's til Sat
EDNA & EDNA: Key West

Tuesday 14

TRUE BELIEVERS, JOHNNIE DEE FURY,
HANDSOME NEDS: Diamond
TOO RUDE: Bamboo
TEA FOR TEN: Isabella
DR. & THE MEDICS: RPM
RONNIE LAWS: Copa
SWEDISH FISH, CENTRAL FIRE,
PHANTOM BUFFALOS: Lee's
KIDS IN THE HALL: Rivoli
SPACE TRIO: Cameron
Reg Hartt-Cinema: Cabana Room

Wednesday 15

SLEEPY LaBEEF: Horseshoe
PHANTOMS: Isabella til Thurs
POETRY SWEATSHOP: Rivoli
SEAL ELEPHANTS,
STEPHEN HAFLIDSON: Cabana
THE LAWN: Lee's
Cameron Birthday: Cameron
COLIN LINDEN/CEEDEES: Diamond
CLIFTON JOSEPH: Bamboo
NATIONAL VELVET, SWAMPTHING
HYSTERIC NEUROTICS, BAMBI: RPM
SFH: Key West

Thursday 16

RAYO TAXI: Grossman's til Sun
BRATTY & THE BABYSITTERS: Lee's
Poetry Readings: Lee's Upstairs
SLEEPY LaBEEF: Horseshoe
GRAPES OF WRATH: Diamond
ZEBRA PEOPLE, THE REMAINS: Cabana
SWEDISH FISH: Cameron
GOTHAM CITY, D.V.P.: Rivoli
FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Bamboo
LIFELESS CURRENTS: Key West

Friday 17

SEX ARTISTS, CALLING RAIN: Cabana
THE HUSH, I.N.B.: Lee's
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella til Sat
HEADHUNTERS: Isabella Lower til Sat
DESIGN: Lee's Upstairs
KENNY BROWN & THE PERVADERS:
Black Swan til Sat
ONE OF ONE: Rivoli
KEN MYHR & THE EXPLOSION: Cameron
LAZO: Bamboo til Sat
GRAPES OF WRATH: Horseshoe til Sat
PROFESSOR PIANO: Albert's Hall til Sat
THIN LINE: Key West

Saturday 18

GRAPES OF WRATH: Horseshoe
DUNDRELLS, SUPREME BAGG TEAM:
Cabana
PROFESSOR PIANO: Albert's Hall
CALLING RAIN, GROOVY RELIGION,
NEON ROME, SCREAMING BAMBOO:
Lee's
PARTS FOUND IN SEA,
KITTEN WITH A WHIP: Lee's Upstairs
SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY
PLANET: Rivoli
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: Cameron
JOANNE MACKELL & THE YAHOO'S: Clin-
tons
CRAWLING KING SNAKE: Key West

Sunday 19

THE METEORS: Solitaire's
YYZ (lecture- 3pm) 3 Penny Opera: Rivoli
Blues Jam, Talent Showcase: Lee's
DITHER: Key West

Monday 20

GAS-MONEY-CIGARETTES: Isabella til Tues
STRETCH MARK: Black Swan til Tues
OTIS CLAY: Albert's Hall
ELLEN McILWAINE: Clinton's til Sat
NICK CAVE: Diamond
MERCURY FESTIVAL: Horseshoe til Wed
THE PRODUCT: Solitaires til Sat
GO INTERNATIONAL: Bamboo
FRED'S BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP: Rivoli
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron
PAT BETTY & Y.A.A.D, MPH: Lee's
MANIC MONDAYS: Key West

Tuesday 21

SHUFFLE DEMONS: Diamond
L7: Rivoli
PROFESSOR PIANO, DELTOIDS: Copa
THE MUSTANGS, TRAGICALLY HIP:
Lee's
Reg Hartt-Cinema: Cabana Room
PAT THOMAS: Bamboo til Fri
BAD: Cameron
WORLD FAMOUS BLUE JAYS: Key West

Wednesday 22

TOO MUCH TOO SOON: Isabella
DAGMAR KRAUSE: Rivoli til Sat
LAZY FELIX, PEOPLE OF THE RAIN:
Cabana
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron
RICK DERRINGER: Copa
RANDOM CHANTS, ERIA FASHIN: Lee's
DIOXYN: Key West

Thursday 23

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN,
THE LAWN, LIVINGROOM: RPM
MAD ABOUT PLAID: Lee's
DAGMAR KRAUSE: Rivoli
CIRCA: Cameron
THE SADDLE TRAMPS, RANG TANGO:
Cabana
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella til Sat
RAY CHARLES: Copa
THE RED: Horseshoe
MIDNIGHT SHIFT: Isabella Lower
VITAL SINES: Diamond
PHANTOM BUFFALOS: Key West

Friday 24

COMPANY TOWN: Cameron
ABSOLUTE WHORES: Isabella
THE IKONS, BOP TOTEM: Cabana
BUDDIES IN BAD TIMES present
Drag Queen's from Outer Space:
Lee's Upstairs Til Nov. 23
COLIN LINDEN, CEEDEES, ACEBOY
JOHNNY MACLEOD, PUKKA OR-
CHESTRA,
MENDELSON JOE: Horseshoe til Sat
DAGMAR KRAUSE: Rivoli
THE GRUESOMES, JAMES LORD,
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS: Lee's:
Lee's
NOSMO KING JR.: Key West

Saturday 25

ELLEN McILWAINE: Clintons
DELTA KICKERS: Cameron
DAGMAR KRAUSE: Rivoli
JUDY BROWN: Black Swan
JACK DEKEYZER BAND: Isabella
U.I.C., THE NEUROTICS,
NOSMO KING JR.: Lee's
RAY CONDO & THE HARDROCK
GONERS: Bamboo
OTIS CLAY: Albert's Hall
RANG TANGO: Isabella Lower
L.M.O.TV: Key West

Sunday 26

Shoot The Piano Player (D. Truffaut)
Rivoli
Blues Jam, Talent Showcase: Lee's
MONDO COMBO: Solitaires
A WHOLE BUNCH OF JACKS: Key West

Monday 27

REM, THE FEELIES: Massey Hall
101: Solitaires til Sat
STRETCH MARK: Black Swan til Tues
WHITENOISE: Bamboo
THE BENDERS: Hotel Isabella
FRED'S BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP: Rivoli
JACK DEKEYZER: Albert's Hall til Sat
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron
JEFF HEALEY: Clinton's til Sat
COLIN JAMES: Horseshoe til Sat
MAJORITY OF ONE, THE 68's, DITHER:
Lee's
MANIC MONDAY: Key West

Tuesday 28

MICHA BARNES: Bamboo
BEAT RODEO: Diamond
THE GRAPHIC MIME presents
Full Frontal Mime: Rivoli
THE NATIONALS: Isabella
GOTHAM CITY: Cameron
BAD: Lee's
UNKNOWN ORIGIN: Key West

Wednesday 29

MICHA BARNES: Bamboo
THIRD WORLD: Copa
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron
THE ROMANIAN BROTHERS: Isabella til
Sat
JOHN TIGAN, CITY CHILD,
ADVENTUREVILLE: Lee's
MERCURY FESTIVAL: Key West

Thursday 30

VIRGIN PRUNES, THE DEAD OF NIGHT:
RPM
SEAT BELTS FOR DOGS: Bamboo til Fri
TERRY CADE: Rivoli
JOHNNY TRASH: Isabella Lower
TULPA: Lee's
THE RAVE: Cameron
PROBLEM CHILDREN: Key West

Friday 31

THE ROMANIAN BROTHERS: Isabella til
Sat
PIECE OF MY HEART: Isabella Lower til Sat
JACK DeKEYSER: Albert's Hall
JUSTIN OTHER BAND: Black Swan til Sat
SEATBELTS FOR DOGS: Bamboo
3 BLUE EYES, THE REMAINS: Rivoli
Halloween Party: Lee's
63 MONROE, UKASE: Key West

Saturday 1

101: Solitaires
THE JUSTIN OTHER BAND: Black Swan
THE ROMANIAN BROTHERS: Isabella
COLIN JAMES: Horseshoe
POPULAR FRONT: Rivoli
JACK DEKEYZER: Albert's Hall
GO FOR 3: Lee's
JEFF HEALEY: CLINTON'S
WORK PANTS: Isabella

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October at the Horseshoe

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2,3,4 **Lonnie Brooks**
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Alligator, Goodie, Artist

6,7,8 **Morgan Davis**

9,10,11 **Scott Merritt**
Duke, Steely, Rocking, Artist

12,13 **Phantoms**

14,15 **Steeple**

16,17 **Grapes of Wrath**

18,19 **The Red**

20,21,22 **Mercury Festival**

23 **And Coming Soon!**
Nov. 13, Toronto Blues
14,15 Society Fundraiser
Nov. 21, 22 Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows

24 **Roger Rainbow**
Benefit
Nov. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
Nov. 27-30, 1 **Colin James**
Steve Ray Vaughan's
Surrealist Cinema Artist

The Garys

Oct 7: Music Gallery
MIKE WESTBROOK TRIO
Oct 14: R.P.M.
DOCTOR & THE MEDICS
Oct 22-25: The Rivoli
DAGMAR KRAUSE
Sings Brecht
Oct 27: Massey Hall
REM
Oct 30: R.P.M.
VIRGIN PRUNES
Nov 2: Concert Hall
SHREIKBACK
Nov 10-12: Massey Hall
GENERAL PUBLIC
Nov 26-27: Massey Hall
NEW ORDER
Nov 26: R.P.M.
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Tues 7 * Reg Hartt presents a Surrealist Cinema Nightmare
Wed 8 * I.U.C., 3RD MAN IN
Thur 9 * PHANTOM BUFFALOS, ORCHESTRA PAVOLA
Fri 10 * HERATIX
Sat 11 * L.M.O.TV from London, LAUGHING APPLES

Tues 14 * Reg Hartt's Surrealist Cinema Nightmare
Wed 15 * SEAL ELEPHANTS, STEPHEN HAFLIDSON
Thur 16 * ZEBRA PEOPLE, THE REMAINS
Fri 17 * SEX ARTISTS, CALLING RAIN
Sat 18 * DUNDRELLS, SUPREME BAGG TEAM

Tues 21 * Reg Hartt's Surrealist Cinema Nightmare
Wed 22 * CRAZY FELIX, PEOPLE OF THE RAIN
Thur 23 * THE SADDLE TRAMPS, RANG TANGO
Fri 24 * THE IKONS, BOP TOTEM
Sat 25 * Private party

Tues 28 * Reg Hartt's Surrealist Cinema Nightmare
Wed 29 * THE MARTIAN INVASION
Thurs 30 BRASS SOLDIER, BIG RED ROOSTER
Fri 31 * LIFE TIMES NINE, FACULTY X

BIDINI

"Life is timed between hockey games."

—Fred Shero, ex-coach Philadelphia Flyers.



I can see no further into the future than the end of a stickblade, yet I believe. I walk down the old, cement hallways of Maple Leaf Gardens and I see my scrapbook heroes, their crack-toothed grins yellowing in the picture frames. I bleed blue, like the rest of us good Canadians, and I sit way up there in the greys, embarrassed, watching with a crowd no livelier than the one at the city morgue. Before every season, I predict greater things.

Is it possible that because Wendel Clark was not named Rookie-of-the-Year (the award went to Calgary's Gary Suter, an American), the Leafs will play with a formidable rage that hastens back to the old ethic, "if you can't beat 'em in the alley, you can't beat 'em on the rink." Is it possible that coach John Brophy's new 10 p.m. curfew will stop B.J. Salming from going to the BamBoo Club, thus saving him energies to teach the young, clumsy defence? Is it possible that the Leafs of '86 will finally ante up to 11 Stanley Cups worth of history and make Harold Ballard so happy he will die? Will the universe finally straighten out and give this team victory?

For some weird reasons, I think the answer is yes. The Toronto Maple Leafs will win the Stanley Cup because:

My first hockey epiphany came last February when, on a black lacquered night in northern Georgia, my car broke down outside a village called Clarkesville. Our transmission had failed us after 2,000 miles on the road, and we sat glumly in the front seat, waiting for the cops to show while chewing on three-day old Kentucky Fried.

Finally, we hailed down a local policeman who generously escorted us to the nearest motel, whose proprietor we awoke to ask for a room. On the cedar walls, below the golfing trophies and stuffed pike, I saw framed hockey players seized in their majestic glide. One huge black and white photo was the face of a young goaltender, resembling the mug of the craggy motel owner, the man who leaned his forearms on the front desk and asked us where we were from. Canada? Oh, geez. I used to live in Canada. Up in Oshawa. If I weren't living here, I'd be in Oshawa. They got everything in Oshawa.

Harvey Benner played back in the days of the great Original Six, for the old N.Y. Americans and Boston Bruins, where he was goaltender for some 10 years. Harvey's nose

has slopes and inclines reminiscent of Mount Royal, and his wheatbread complexion is scarred from countless slapshots.

"We never wore masks back then. Didn't need 'em. There were six goaltenders in the whole league. SIX. These days, half the kids come up too young, bitch about not playing enough, then sign million dollar contracts the next year. Oh, I never watch hockey. It's boring. You can't tell one player from the other with those damn helmets on."

Harvey shows us fading bubblegum cards of his sons, Curt and Harvey Jr., each of whom played in the big leagues. Why did Harvey leave Canada? How did we ever find him here?

"Opportunity came up. Saw an ad in the paper to buy this motel. Done so well with it, I bought a Mercedes. Hockey don't mean much to me anymore. When you go back up to Toronto, tell that Ballard to take a walk so your Leafs can win some Cups."

Last July, People's Republic of Dave were on the street banging away on acoustic guitars and drums, trying to squeal out the usual C&W standards. We were getting pretty drunk on the beers we'd hidden in a suitcase. We broke into 'The Wendel Clark Song.' All of a sudden, Borje Salming, suntanned and smiling, appeared out of the doorway of a nearby club. Salming, the wizard of Leafs' kamikaze defence of the mid-70's, walked right through the band, in the middle of a barnyard wail. Hey Borje! You gotta hear this song! The ghost of Salming the Great pulled his girlfriend to his waist, and attempted clapping in rhythm. The band was playing like mad; I was trying to sing on key for the first time in my life.

After the song was over, he pulled out a fat wad of bills and rolled six of 'em off into our guitar case. I ended up saying something stupid like: "Borje, you gave me such thrills. Remember the time you put that wrist shot over Bernie Parent's left shoulder in the 6th game of the '75 quarter-finals?"

"That was a long time ago!"

For any Canadian, young or old, hockey epiphanies are too important to be easily forgotten. I remember in 1975 I saw the back of Johnny Bower's head as I entered Albion Mall. I went and bought hockey skates and the Leafs won more games than they had in 10 years. You've got between now and the opening face-off to believe me.

continued from page 12

FILM

"I think that aestheticism is a super-moral. It is above ideology. I think that there is a relationship between something above aestheticism, which is beauty; sentiment; which is a feeling of harmony, which doesn't lay only in the thematic, in the lines, but something else, that's beyond language. This is why some people coming from literature had problems dealing with this new kind of cinema. This is like abstract art. This is an art of the visual, and the perception of it has nothing to do with just lines, words. We don't make any psychology in these pictures, the message is inside of the image, and this is not a scientific approach... some people, they don't want to accept that, they say it's empty. Others have a reaction. Who's right?"

More so in *Diva* than his other films, Beineix has shown an affection for popular culture that most "independent" directors would hesitate to admit. I ask him if he finds inspiration in television, fashion, cheap magazines, rock and roll...

"Rock and roll? Of course! Because that is the means of expression of millions of people. Watch the importance of rock and roll in the Soviet Union. It's probably the most dangerous device for the Soviet apparatus, the KGB, they don't know what to do with this, because this is the expression of freedom, the natural expression of a whole bunch of young people. We really should be careful with this; it is not junk. This is the popular culture, which shows the signs of health or disease in a society."

Beineix' next project is called *Bats*. The plot, involving vampires that live in sewers cooking garlic soup; bank robberies, and New York sent into turmoil, sounds quite unlikely. Beineix is

having a hard time finding financing. "There are people all around the world who owe me their Rolls-Royce and their swimming pool," he tells me. "So if they want to add another Rolls-Royce to their collection, or build another swimming pool, they have to make *Bats*."

While both Beineix and Paul Cox talk about the need for humanity, for passion in films, you get the feeling that Paul Cox would not be a fan of Beineix. An Australian born in Holland, Cox has been making his small, intensely personal films for twenty years. Since the release of *Lonelyhearts* five years ago in North America, Cox, who used to have to sell everything he had to fund his films, now finds it easier to make his movies, most notably owing to cities like Toronto, where there's a Cox cult that ensures returns on his movies. His latest film, *Cactus*, even has a major star, Isabelle Huppert. She plays a Parisian on vacation in Australia who loses the sight in one eye in a car accident. She begins an affair with a man who's been blind since childhood. Their relationship is, as in all of Cox's films, tentative and messy. Relationships are the principal subjects of all of Cox's films, from the sentimental *Lonelyhearts* to the relentless *My First Wife*, which was based on the break-up of Cox's own marriage.

A soft-spoken man with the bearing of a college professor, Cox can be very intense, his voice taking on overtones of rage as he rails against the current state of films and culture in general. While he might not appreciate the comparisons, Cox's sentiments recall no one more strongly to me than John Lydon.

"I think it's your duty," he tells me, "if you do anything with heart and soul, it should be something of a self-portrait. I don't call myself an entertainer, of course. I like to think of myself as somebody who maybe has something to offer, to make people more aware of their existence, to

make them want to reach out, touch, appeal, at times desperately, to people's ability to feel, and so these films are about people like you and I; they're not about heroes, they're about so-called real people. Sometimes I exaggerate a situation just a little, though sometimes it's not an exaggeration because there's a little madness amongst all of us, and I can't see any point in creating any kind of cinema that celebrates some sort of hero that flies by your window. I just don't need it."

Cox refers to videos and their accompanying technology as "visual vomit," and maintains that he sees some kind of implicit evil in city life. He lumps Boy George and *Top Gun* together into the junk culture heap, so I decide to walk carefully around the issue of music.

"Music is the basis of all creativity," Cox tells me. "As Yeats said, 'Everyone's life is a symphony.' Music is very important to me. There's also an extraordinary wealth of music left behind by very great people. They don't breathe anymore. There are no more Bachs, Brahms, Beethovens. Where are these people? What have we done to them? Where is the piece?"

Over twenty years ago, Horton Foote won his first Oscar for the screenplay of *To Kill a Mockingbird*. A few years ago, Foote won his second Oscar for *Tender Mercies*. A respected and fatherly figure, Foote is currently using his reputation to obtain funding for his most ambitious project, a nine-film series on his family since the beginning of the century.

"People who died 25 or 30 years before I was born are very real to me, because they could talk, and their stories were then described to me so vividly... There's an oral tradition. I was born a listener... My mother was a great letter writer, and when I first left home she often wrote me every-day."

Based on a series of plays called the Waxahachie Cycle, for the Texas town in which they are set, Foote has even-cast his daughter, Hallie, in the rôle of his mother.

On *Valentine's Day*, the most recently completed film in the series, is a carefully evocative portrait of gentrified small-town life towards the end of the First World War. Even the pacing and the grammar seem quite out of another place, while the tensions and tragedies that surface—mental illness, alcoholism, are thoughtfully modern.

While Foote deplores the lack of literacy in today's audiences, and shares Cox's distrust of Hollywood, he doesn't think the problem is a new one.

"Just think about what they called the Golden Age of Hollywood. There wasn't much around that was interesting. There were foreign films."

His daughter Hallie interjects, "American films that were around were childish..."

"Made-up and silly. You kind of liked them because, you know, you fell in love with the very beautiful girl, and they were very heroic figures in a way, but it was silly. Look at literature! T.S. Eliot's literary magazine was probably the most influential of our century, but it only had 3,500 subscribers."

Foote, certainly with the experience to know, seems confident that it will always be possible for young artists with something different to say to find an outlet. While his confidence is reassuring, it is no reason to lie back. The powers that be would be happy to ignore people like Foote, Cox, and Beineix, if not for the strength of their talent. In Canada, we have a nation of struggling independents in every field. While I can't help but feel these people would keep trying even if things were harder, the ultimate step is made by the audience. It's your dollar; show it some respect.

Rick McGinnis

The film opens with a brilliant, crazed sequence of a graffiti artist spray-painting a vivid portrait of the man on a wall in a deserted inner-city slum. For the two-and-a-half minutes that it takes for the soundtrack song ('Foxy Lady') to end, an epic caricature of Jimi has been created.

Jimi At Monterey has no scenes of Jimi backstage; rather, it focuses on the performance, and the audience. Pennebaker said, "I wanted to get away from a whole kind of conceit that backstage is where the action is... there's the rock star and his managers, and most of the time it's very uninteresting, but it passes for action. I really wanted to see who'd come to this festival."

The film has yet to be released commercially, partly, one assumes, because it's too short. Thus, Pennebaker's current assignment: to add the entire Otis Redding segment (from the same festival) as a prelude to *Jimi*. Pennebaker is ecstatic about the Redding performance. He realizes that Hendrix will bring in the crowds (it's quite possible after all, that many people under 25 in the crowds have never heard of Otis), but "Otis will really turn you around when you see him, he generates such a marvelous feeling."

Naturally, I had to know if Pennebaker was interested in working with any contemporary artists. Although he's been approached by Run-DMC (which he declined after being warned that it was rough: "audiences would be resentful of \$25,000 cameras and the people operating them") and expresses a bit of interest in Prince (who is simply too unapproachable), he would like to work with Elvis Costello. "I feel a driven soul there, and a very complicated person that interests me. I don't know whether you can make a film about him, or if he'd even want it done. I sense he's one of the few people with more there than whatever was manufactured to go up against the album cover, which is the way of most performers."

Scott Woods



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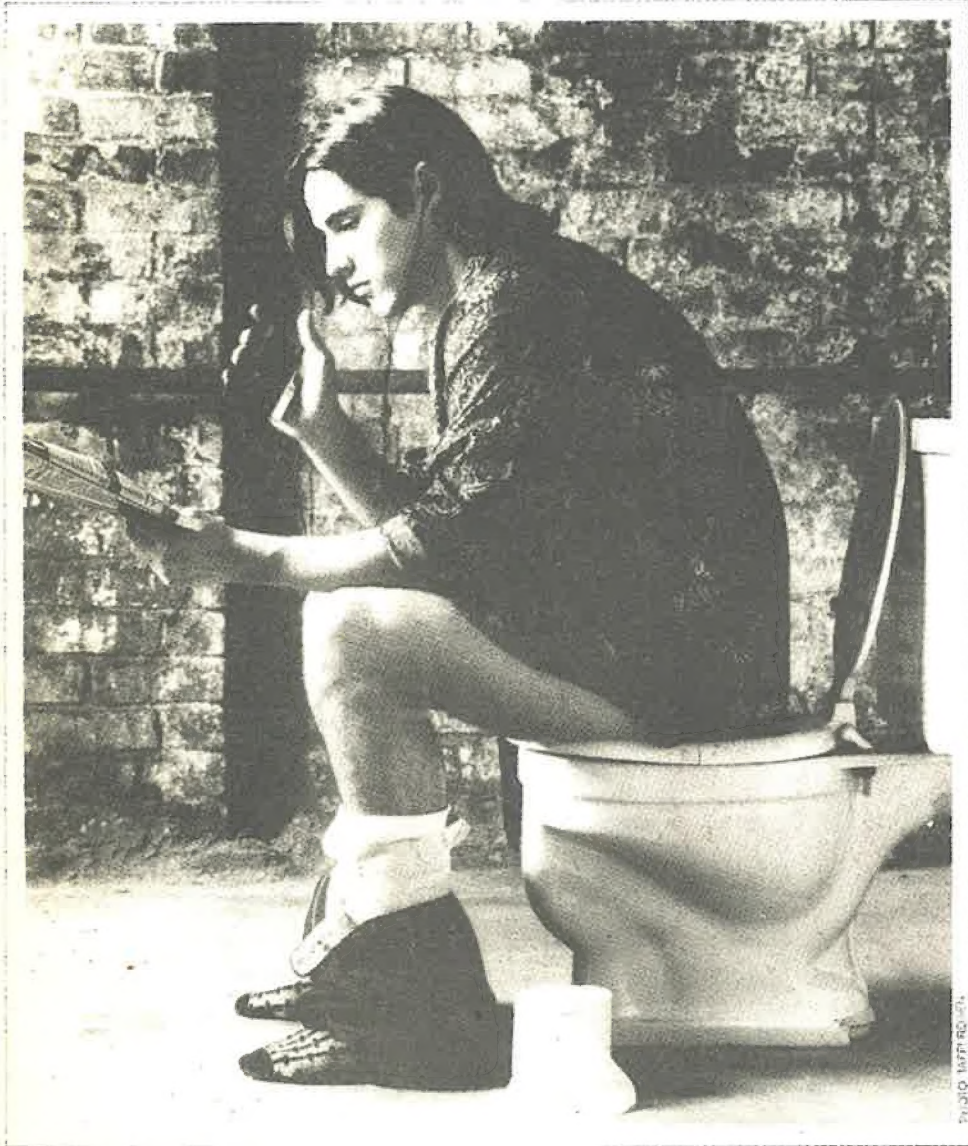
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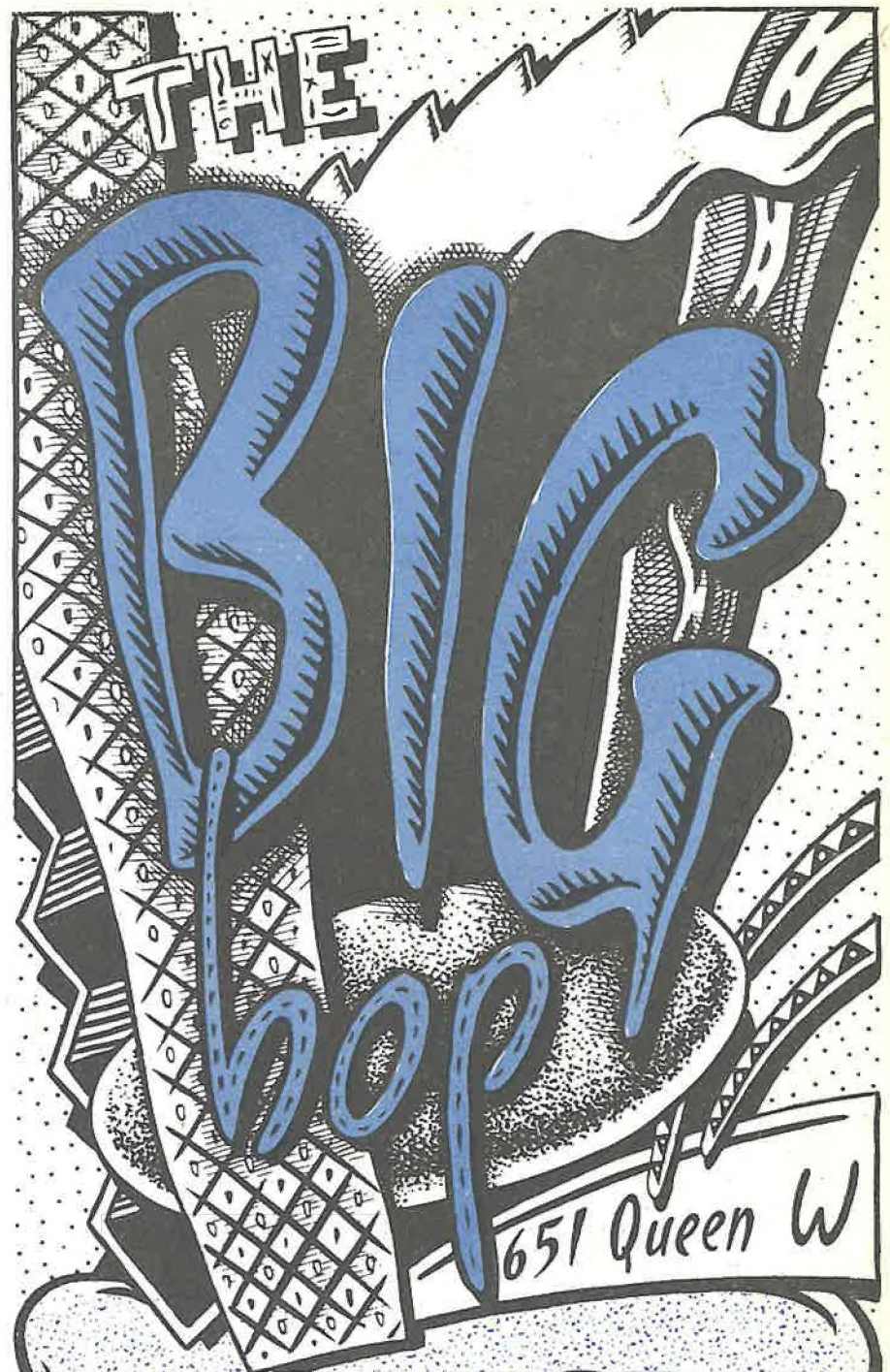
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